Saturday Review

March 5, 1966 25¢

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SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

THE ROBOT ON THE MOON

BY JOHN LEAR

The glory of light, captured in familiar shapes (see Science)

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The tuned car. For young people of all ages.

What makes a car a car is styling, performance, ride and handling. Only when they're all tuned together is the car a Buick. Like this '66 Wildcat Gran Sport.

We have a secret formula for rejuvenating tired drivers. It's called "Buick tuning."

You know how well your car's engine runs after a tuneup? Buick tuning has the same effect on the whole car. Not just the engine. The whole Buick. Everything blends with everything else. Styling. Performance. Ride. Handling. All tuned to work together in harmony. That's what the tuned car is. A Buick.

Where the tuned car comes from. It comes from ideas, yes. But we don't really trust ideas until we see how they prove out. So we put our ideas in cars and take them out on the road for exhaustive testing.

Do we test on orthodox proving grounds? Sure—in Phoenix, Arizona, for example. But since we couldn't tune a car on a proving ground alone (and since you won't be driving on one, either), we don't ship our cars out there. We drive them—testing all the way.

Where else do we test and tune, test and tune? The answer is: everywhere. Anywhere a road can teach us something about the roads you drive.

Safety is everybody's business. Including ours. The tuned car is tuned for safety, too. Which is why every model comes with an outside rear view mirror. And a padded dash. And seat belts front and rear. And a shatter-resistant inside mirror. And padded sun visors. And automatic backup light. And dual-speed windshield wipers and washers.

What the tuned car can do for you. Will a new 325-hp Wildcat make a new driver out of you? We think so. You may find yourself enjoying those little unexpected trips to the grocery store. With the 340-hp Wildcat Gran Sport version (it has the larger engine, a special ride and handling package, Positraction rear axle and—naturally—everything tuned to match), you may just find yourself arranging to forget things so you can go back again. Don't blame us. Just think how much fun it will be to feel like you've just gotten your driver's license. Ah, youth.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

1966 Buick. The tuned car.

GM

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

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6 out of 7 could not answer this question correctly. How about you?

In the past 7 years, the cost of living has gone up 10.1 percent. In the same period, the average price of steel has:

- ☐ increased 25%
- ☐ increased 15%
- ☐ increased 10%
- ☐ increased 5%
- ☐ increased 2%
- ☐ stayed steady

The U. S. Government regularly publishes an official Index of Finished Steel Prices.

At the end of 1958, the index stood at 102.3. By the end of 1965, it had risen less than 1.7 percent compared with a 10.1 percent increase in the Consumer Price Index.

Further, the price index for steel does not take into account the greater strength and utility of today's steels.

Contributing to this greater utility and to this significant record of price stability is U. S. Steel's large and continuing investment in research and in new, more efficient facilities.

USS United States Steel

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Kodak invented the new super-8 movie system, so it's not surprising that this KODAK INSTAMATIC M6 Movie Camera takes *terrific* super-8 movies. The f1.8 focusing lens zooms from 12 to 36mm for wide-angle view to telephoto close-up. Extra-bright reflex *through* the lens—no parallax. The battery-powered CdS electric eye operates through the lens, *too*, for high-exposure *accuracy*. And battery power drives the film through its full 50 feet *automatically*, cartridge after cartridge. No winding. No film flip-over at midpoint. Plus a fold-away pistol grip and many other features, all adding up to movies that are so much sharper and brighter—*with 50% more picture area on the film than regular 8mm film*—that you can show them only on a KODAK INSTAMATIC or other super-8 projector. The M6 Camera, less than $160.

Price subject to change without notice.

New KODAK INSTAMATIC M6 Movie Camera

Saturday Review

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Cover photo courtesy MIT visual design laboratory of Professor Gyorgy Kepes

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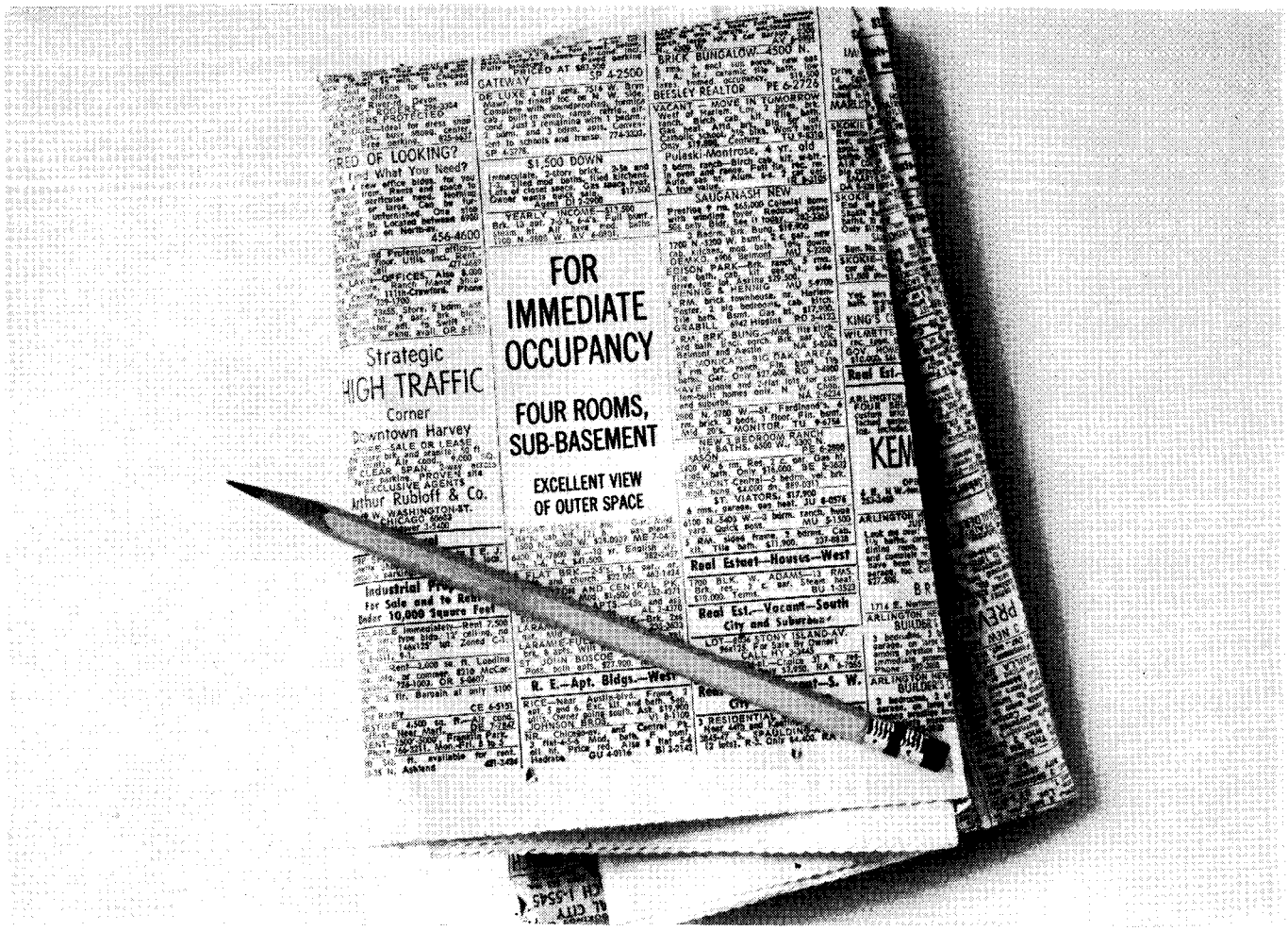
GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO



On October 13, 1965, three stories below ground, another window was opened on outer space—at 933 East 56th Street, Chicago, Illinois. The place is the recently dedicated Laboratory for Astrophysics and Space Research of the Enrico Fermi Institute for Nuclear Studies at the University of Chicago—one of the first such university centers in the country.

Here, in the sub-basement, in a concrete-shielded counting laboratory, scientists measure radioactivity of meteorites and "space dust" scraped from space flight capsules. In other laboratories, above and below ground, new experiments are being planned while technicians and engineers work at designing and constructing experimental apparatus.

Built to house interdisciplinary investigations of solar and galactic phenomena, this new window on outer space will add to the expanding knowledge of our universe. By publishing interdisciplinary investigations and specialized journals, the University of Chicago Press is also making its contribution to a better understanding of outer space. A few of these titles are listed below.

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Full information on these and other Chicago books and Journals in the sciences is available upon request

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Reading Improvemen

FOR BOTH YOUNG AND OLD WHO WOULD LIKE TO RE

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THE STUDENT PROGRAM. It is estimated that a college freshman today must read the equivalent of eighty 350-page books during the academic year—not including outside reading. To relieve this heavy burden, a special Reading Improvement Program was developed for young persons of high school and college age, with particular emphasis on vocabulary building. During the development period the program came to the attention of Rutgers University, which appointed a committee of five reading experts from its staff to review the correctional techniques and exercises. As a result of the committee's report, the University decided to become the official sponsor of the student program. That committee, incidentally, remains in existence to keep the program abreast of any new developments in the field of reading improvement.

Each utilizes the tested techniques of univer courses and reading clinics, and each has sha that it can at least double one's reading sp and at the same time—even more importa

WHAT EVERYONE SHO

FOR MANY YEARS psychologists have been carrying reading research, and important discoveries h been made about the mental and physical processes t take place in the course of reading, and particularly ab the motions of the eyes as they move across the pa

One of the startling discoveries made very early that, contrary to a general belief, the slow reader is n "sure" reader. **People who read fast almost invariable tain far more** of what they read than the plodding s reader. Second, intellectual capacity bears no relations to one's reading speed.

In sum, all the research has shown that slow and p reading (poor in the sense of wasted time and below- retention) has its basic explanation **in bad reading ha acquired early in life.**

Good reading habits can be acquired as well as b and over the years researchers have gradually perfe good-habit-forming techniques which, within a rema ably short time, can be relied on to improve immens the reading skill of any normal person.

The two programs outlined here embody all these m ern techniques. The student program differs from adult program in two respects: all the reading matter been selected with young people's interest in mind, a greater stress has been given to vocabulary building

In both programs all the correctional techniques h been so worked out that **no supervising instructo needed.** Any individual working alone with the prac material provided can be sure of success.

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Some improvement should show at the very beginning. ...at really is the reason for the seemingly liberal offer ...ade here—to send the first portfolio, with the two de...es pictured, for two weeks' trial. If you are not per...aded by your first experience of the importance to ...urself of continuing the program, send everything back ...d the subscription will be canceled.

Of one thing you may be sure: such a trial will be both ...vealing and diverting. The exercises are fun, and be...me ever more so as the training proceeds and reading ...ills improve.

THE SIMPLE METHOD OF OPERATION

EACH PROGRAM consists of thirteen portfolios. The first is sent for two weeks' trial. You will receive a bill for $4.75 (plus a small postage and handling charge), which is payable only if you decide to continue the course. If not, the portfolio and the Reading-Pacer and Reading-Timer must be returned within two weeks. Ownership of the Pacer and Timer is retained by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., until all portfolios are paid for.

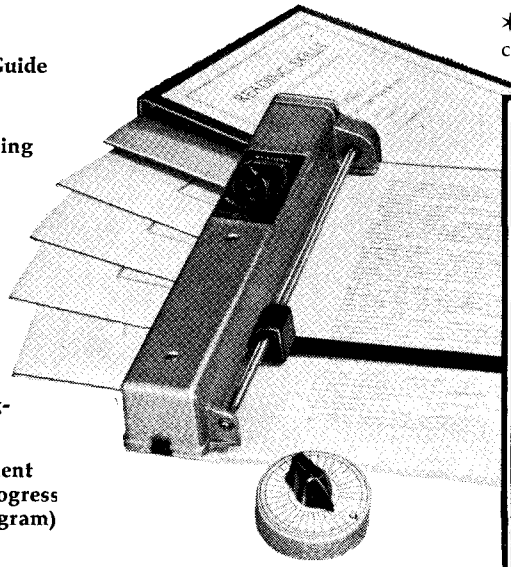
✶ If you decide to continue with the full series, the succeeding twelve portfolios will be shipped *two every month for six months* (with a bill for $4.75 for each, plus mailing charge), unless the subscriber specifies that he prefers a different shipping interval.

✶ Roughly, an average of fifteen minutes' practice a day will be called for throughout the course, but the more practice the better, especially in the beginning.

✶ Each lesson contains full, precise instructions on how to overcome particular reading faults and how to measure your progress.

CONTENTS

- **Basic Instruction Guide**
- **Training Manual**
- **Workbook Containing Practice Material**
- **Reading-Pacer Practice Material**
- **Speed-and-Comprehension Tests**
- **Automatic Reading-Pacer**
- **Calibrated Reading-Timer**
- **Reading-Improvement Chart (to record progress throughout the program)**



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Please enroll the person named below as a subscriber to the reading improvement program checked below, sending Portfolio No. 1 of that program for two weeks' examination, and also the Reading-Pacer and Reading-Timer in a separate package. It is understood that if desired the complete shipment may be returned after two weeks' trial, and the subscription canceled. If the decision is to continue, there will be a charge of $4.75 (plus a small charge for postage and handling) for this portfolio and the same amount for each of the remaining twelve portfolios as they are sent. (There is an additional mailing charge for the package containing the Pacer and Timer.)

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The GAME for THINKERS

Can you solve this problem?

1. There are three numbered statements in this box.
2. Two of these numbered statements are not true.
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A NEW DIMENSION IN EDUCATIONAL GAMES designed by Yale Professor Layman E. Allen

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Please send me . . . WFF'N PROOF game/s @ $6.25 each (including $.25 for postage and handling). I enclose $..... and understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I can return the kit in 10 days for a full refund of the purchase price.

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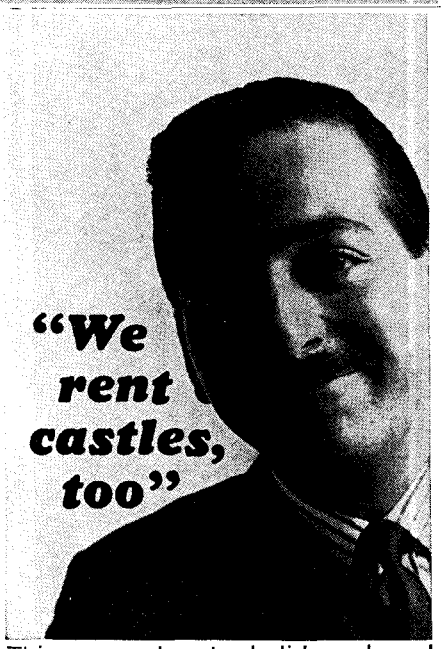

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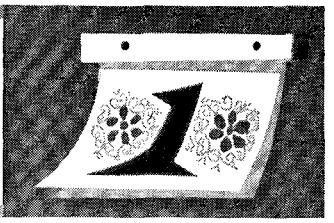
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

FEBRUARY was the month of Ky and Kennan, of Lindsay and Leary, of Fulbright and Friendly. And the statement of the month was obviously Mr. Friendly's—when he said that what led to his resignation was that, instead of watching the war-shaking testimony of Mr. Kennan, he had to watch "a fifth re-run of *I Love Lucy* followed by an eighth re-run of *The Real McCoys.*" To which CBS's new "Group Vice President," John Schneider, could only reply that "opinion makers don't watch daytime television." Gee—and we always thought *group* opinion makers had to.

• • •

On the radio front, Ken Roberts, of New Jersey's Station WPAT, made the slip of the month in his morning newscast. "President Washington," he intoned in his peerless pear shapes, "is back in the White House this morning." To which we could only add, "Would that he were, Ken. Would that he were."

• • •

According to *Insiders Newsletter,* pen factories these days try out their new pens with the name "Johnson." It's considered a good test, they report, "because, to write it, the pen point must move in all directions."

• • •

During the month we made a trip to Washington to speak to the Women's National Democratic Club. Weeks before, though, when they had wanted to know the title of our speech, we had told them. "Fellow Republicans," we said. Then, when we got there, what do you think? Our title had grown. "Fellow Republicans," our speech was now listed, "*Wherever You Are.*" You just can't beat those club women—or, rather, those Democratic Club women.

• • •

February was also the month when prominent deaths in the entertainment world came not in the traditional three, but in four—Buster Keaton, Sophie Tucker, Hedda Hopper, and Billy Rose. Curiously, Mr. Rose received not only the lengthiest but also the most effusive tributes. At Mr. Rose's funeral, however, held in the Billy Rose theater with Mr. Rose's casket, covered with 1,200 roses, stage center, we liked best the comment of Rabbi Nathan Perilman. "This is not the time," he said, "to think of his faults, his frailties, his shortcomings, the times he let us down."

• • •

The fiasco of the month was the so-called Portuguese-style bullfight—in other words, where the bull is not killed and the banderillas are inserted into a foam padding—put on in Houston, Texas, in the Houston Astrodome, by a strangely anonymous organization known as International Bullfights, Inc.—although a man named Irving Feld also shared in the discredits. Although the first-night crowd was reasonably large because of the huge expenditure for promotion, the second night was considerably sparser, and by the third and last show the Astrodome was almost as lonely as when it plays host to the Houston Astros. Perhaps the most ridiculous aspect of the whole affair was the publicity release put out by Messrs. Solters, O'Rourke, and Sabinson—three not so gentle men who, at the time we talked to them, didn't even know that the so-called art was specifically forbidden by the laws of all forty-nine states and Texas. "The huge animal," their remarkable release related, "grows more infuriated and more determined to destroy its human opponent with every passing moment, to the very end." Actually, as anyone who saw any of the fights will testify, even on the rare occasions when there was something to cheer about—as when one of the baby bulls did manage to knock over one of the silly matadors—the bull's only determination was not to step on him. Every Texan responsible

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Just by turning the dial, and selecting what you watch.

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Town Meeting of the World
A global discussion via Early Bird.
Tuesday, March 1 (10-11 PM)

Exploring
Age of the Atom; The Revolution; The Constitution; These Honored Dead.
Saturdays, March 5, 12, 19, 26
(12:30-1 PM)

Of Heaven and Earth
Antiquities, paintings and sculptures in the new Israel Museum, Jerusalem.
Sunday, March 6 (10-11 AM)

Big Three Golf
Special matches with Jack Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer and Gary Player.
Sundays, March 6, 20 (4-5 PM)

The Twentieth Century
Nehru: Man of Two Worlds; Synanon in Prison; Woman Doctor in Vietnam; Man of the Month.
Sundays, March 6, 13, 20, 27
(6-6:30 PM)

Stuart Little
E. B. White's fantasy of a mouse born into a New York City family.
Sunday, March 6 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Thin Blue Line
The inner workings and problems of police departments across the nation.
Monday, March 7 (10-11 PM)

Operation Sea War: Vietnam
The Navy's role in a land-water war against an enemy with no navy.
Thursday, March 10 (10-11 PM)

Ballet for Skeptics
Roland Petit, Zizi Jeanmaire and European dancers prove ballet can be fun. Friday, March 11
(7:30-8:30 PM)

The Reformation
The spiritual conflicts, focusing on Luther, Calvin and Ignatius of Loyola. Sunday, March 20
(6:30-7:30 PM)

Carol + 2
Comedy-variety starring Carol Burnett with guests Lucille Ball and Zero Mostel.
Tuesday, March 22
(8:30-9:30 PM)

Beethoven
The life and music of the great composer; with Erich Leinsdorf conducting.
Wednesday, March 23
(10-11 PM)

Alice in Wonderland or What's a Nice Kid Like You Doing in a Place Like This.
Animated version of the Carroll classic. Wednesday, March 30 (8-9 PM)

Color Me Barbra
La Streisand at Philadelphia's Museum of Art and a circus.
Wednesday, March 30
(9-10 PM)

The South
Robert Preston offers a camera tour of Southern states.
Thursday, March 31
(9-10 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday
Today/
Captain Kangaroo/
Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays
CBS Reports

Saturdays
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/The First Look/Exploring/Wonderful World of Golf/Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope

Sundays
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/Directions '66/Frontiers of Faith/Sports Spectacular/American Sportsman/Sports in Action/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney

Note: Times (EST), programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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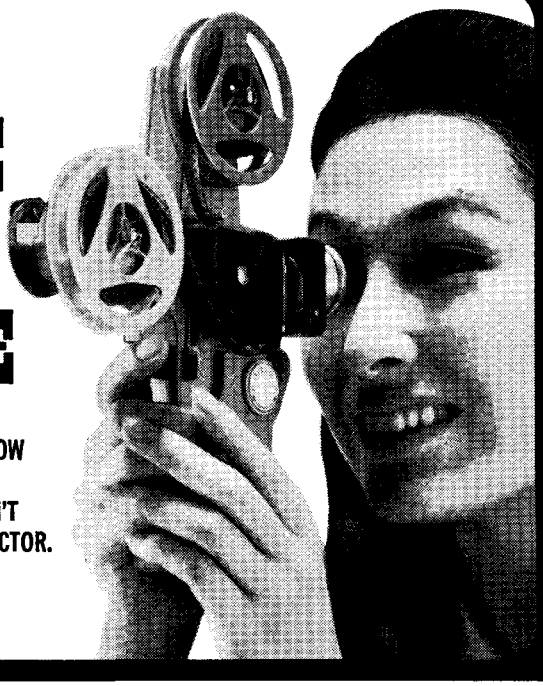

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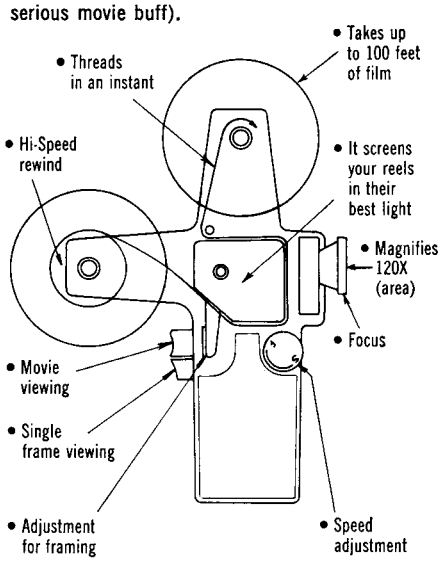
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for permitting the spectacle, from President Johnson and Governor Connally on down the sorry line, ought to be ashamed of themselves.

• • •

On a happier note, our favorite sign of the month was one on New York's 57th Street. "Culture Clearance," it said. "80% Off." And, as if that weren't enough, there was quite a clearing of the culture air out in Chicago during the month, when the National Conference of Governors' Representatives of State Art Agencies met to consider, among other things, how to spend the federal government's $50,000 per state "matching grants." Two speakers, for example, Governors' Representatives from Montana and Wyoming, said that their states were so sparsely populated that there wasn't "one city with the talent and facilities to provide art leadership."

What they needed, it seemed, was a kind of art-lift—to *de*populate, say, Greenwich Village and *up*populate, say, Butte.

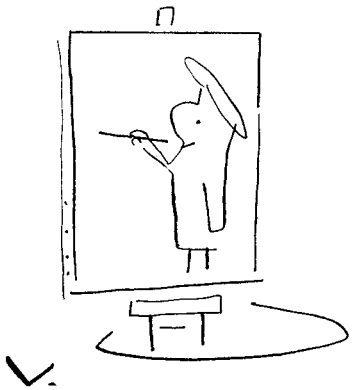
On the other hand, the art representative from New Jersey declared that his state was "a keg being tapped at both ends—New York in the north and Philadelphia in the south." The result was, he felt, "that most residents with interests in the arts gravitated toward those cities for their gratifications."

Next came the representative from West Virginia. His state, he felt, "could benefit greatly from access to artists and institutions in such bordering states as Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Kentucky."

That certainly was more like it. Never mind the measly $50,000. Go all out—build Art Throughways, Culture Expressways, Free Thought Freeways.

But the really good news came from the Governors' Art Representative from Massachusetts. He remarked quietly that "the resources of Boston" were "so varied and satisfying" that the state "seemed hardly aware," as he put it, that "other communities" were "gravely neglected."

It gives you a tingle—a statement like that. But perhaps this writer should not be the one to comment. Perhaps it would be better if the compliment came from one of you out-of-towners.



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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Nonfiction

PRESIDENTIAL GOVERNMENT: THE CRUCIBLE OF LEADERSHIP, James MacGregor Burns. Houghton Mifflin, $5.95 (*SR,* Feb. 5)—Examines the historical models emulated by U.S. Presidents and recommends following the British system in the establishment of a "shadow president" to maintain a creative opposition.

THE THREE LIVES OF CHARLES DE GAULLE, David Schoenbrun. Atheneum, $6.95 (*SR,* Feb. 19)—A former pro-Gaullist American correspondent in Paris is, in the third of the three lives (soldier, savior, statesman), sharply critical of the general's European policies and attitude toward the U.S.

THE INNOCENT EYE: THE LIFE OF ROBERT J. FLAHERTY, Arthur Calder-Marshall. Harcourt, Brace & World, $6.95 (*SR,* Feb. 5)—Illuminates the life of the motion picture director and fully reports the *sturm und drang* of each film.

ANGER AND BEYOND, ed. by Herbert Hill. Harper & Row, $5.95 (*SR,* Feb. 12)—A report on a 1964 seminar on "The Negro Writer in the United States" that deals intelligently with propaganda and protest, the nature of Negro-American culture, and related subjects.

THE COMPLETE LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, VOLUME 1: 1708-1720, ed. by Robert Halsband. Oxford University Press, $13.45 (*SR,* Feb. 12)—In this first of three volumes, one of the eighteenth century's most extraordinary women is portrayed during her courtship and as an ambassador's wife in Constantinople.

THE CHAMBERLAIN LETTERS, ed. by Elizabeth Thomson. Putnam, $6.50 (*SR,* Feb. 12)—A selection from the two-volume edition of the letters of John Chamberlain published in 1939 offers a vivid picture of Elizabethan-Jacobean England.

AGAINST INTERPRETATION AND OTHER ESSAYS, Susan Sontag. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95 (*SR,* Feb. 12)—Stimulating but often irresponsible opinions make this collection hard to like but hard not to admire.

THE HOUSE DIVIDES: THE AGE OF JACKSON AND LINCOLN, FROM THE WAR OF 1812 TO THE CIVIL WAR, Paul I. Wellmann. Doubleday, $6.95 (*SR,* Feb. 12)—A guided tour through the political maneuvers of America's growing years.

A CHOICE OF WEAPONS, Gordon Parks. Harper & Row, $4.95 (*SR,* Feb. 12)—Describes searingly the author's battle against the poverty and racism of a generation ago to achieve success as a photographer and composer.

CHEKHOV STORIES 1895-1897, tr. from the Russian and ed. by Ronald Hingley. Oxford, $5.60 (*SR,* Feb. 19)—The first of a series that will provide a complete critical edition of Chekhov's work is enriched by voluminous notes relating his life to the stories.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE AND CHINA, A. T. Steele. McGraw-Hill, $5.95 (*SR,* Feb. 26)—Analyzes the changing course of American public opinion since the rise of Chinese Communism in the Twenties and shows how it was affected by McCarthy and the China lobby.

Fiction

SWANS ON AN AUTUMN RIVER AND OTHER STORIES, Sylvia Townsend Warner. Viking, $4.50 (*SR,* Feb. 5)—There are at least three major stories in these thirteen, all set in the English countryside, all characteristically subtle.

THE BEGINNERS, Dan Jacobson. Macmillan, $6.95 (*SR,* Feb. 19)—A sprawling account of a Jewish family in South Africa after World War II that brings people vividly to life both as individuals and in groups.

A WILDERNESS OF MIRRORS, Max Frisch; tr. by Michael Bullock. Random House, $6 (*SR,* Feb. 26)—Has the effect of nightmares whose separate episodes arise from one terrifying emotion.

CRAZY FEBRUARY, Carter Wilson. Lippincott, $4.95 (*SR,* Feb. 26)—A first novel that is a grave, handsomely controlled tale of patricide and politics in a Mexican mountain village.

ART

Exhibitions

ART OF LATIN AMERICA SINCE INDEPENDENCE, 1800-1965, Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven, Connecticut. This major exhibition of Latin American art of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries includes 300 works from fifteen countries. Colonial and modern paintings, drawings, prints, and frescoes have been borrowed from public and private collections in Latin America and the United States.

DRAWINGS 1916-1966, Arts Club of Chicago. In honor of its fiftieth anniversary the Arts Club of Chicago has arranged a comprehensive survey of drawings by artists the club has shown during the last half-century. Outstanding modern names are represented.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL ART, Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Massachusetts. Lent by the National Gallery of South Australia, a group of forty paintings on bark and two wood sculptures exemplifies the pure tradition of the past untouched by outside influence. Here one sees depicted graphically the life and myths of Australian aborigines.

CLYFFORD STILL: THIRTY-THREE PAINTINGS, Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York. A rare opportunity to study an important group of paintings by one of America's greatest living artists.

GEORGE BELLOWS, Gallery of Modern Art, New York. A retrospective exhibition of the noted American realist includes sixty-five paintings and numerous drawings and lithographs. New York has not seen a chronological survey of this artist's work since his death in 1925.

THEATER

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE (*SR,* Jan. 15)—Magnificent theater.

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE (*SR,* Dec. 18)—John Osborne's latest in this country is an all-out theatrical statement, naked and shattering yet ultimately soaring above the desperation it so relentlessly presents.

THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN (*SR,* Nov. 13)—One of the season's most thrilling, most imaginative, and most beautiful events.

CACTUS FLOWER, MAN OF LA MANCHA.

MOVIES

THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX (*SR,* Jan. 29)—The pat plot (a plane downed in the Sahara) is counterbalanced by acting on the part of James Stewart and others that makes us feel the full extent of man's frailties as well as his indomitable will to survive.

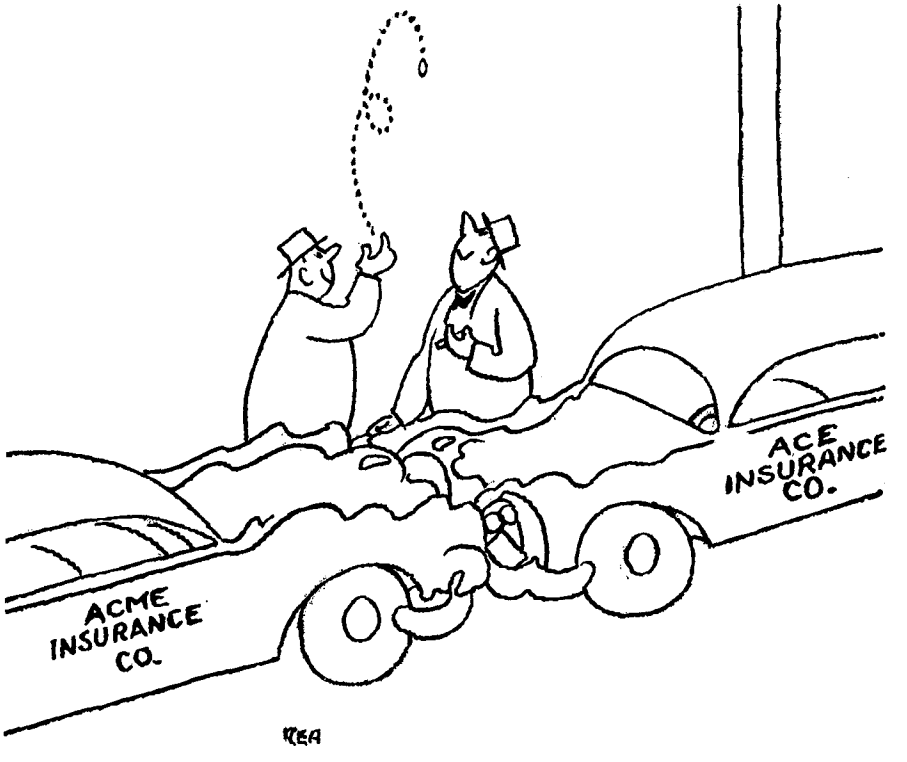
LIFE AT THE TOP, THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STORY, and **YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.**

PHOTOGRAPHY

Exhibitions

CIRCUS REMINISCENCE, Hallmark Gallery, New York. Against a strongly nostalgic photographic background, the sights, sounds, and spectacle of the Big Top come to life. March 2-April 29.

DOROTHEA LANGE (200 prints), Museum of Modern Art, New York—The first major retrospective of the late photographer's work does honor both to her special documentary art and to the museum's photography department. Through March 27.



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Harper's magazine in March

THE Shame of the Graduate Schools

by William Arrowsmith

A leading classical scholar argues that the present PhD system in the humanities is a scandalous misuse of talent and results in the ruination of teachers and students alike. His "massive antidote" would restore relevance, vitality and human values to higher education in this country.

MEXICO An Unsentimental Report

by Alexander Auldecambe

The Decline of the Church in England

by Rev. Nicolas Stacey

Letter to a New Leftist from a Tired Liberal

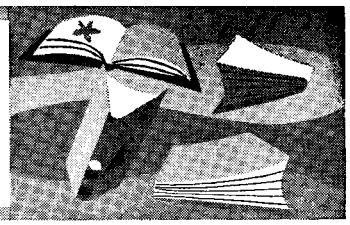
by John Fischer

PLUS: Alan Moorehead on The Opening of the South Seas, Part II ... San Francisco's Cultural Donnybrook by Russell Lynes... Last Chance for the States by Sen. Joseph D. Tydings... a story by Graham Green... reviews of the month's recordings, books, and theatre... in

Harper's magazine

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

Trade Winds



On one routine weekday not too many months ago, the Plaza 7 telephone exchange in New York City suddenly found itself flooded with so many calls that it was practically out of business The cause of it all? Nothing more than a plain, old-fashioned radio station whose program *Fortune Phone* had just

gone on the air with an invitation to listeners to phone in and try their luck on the questions of the day. Since that time, no more incoming calls have been promoted on the show.

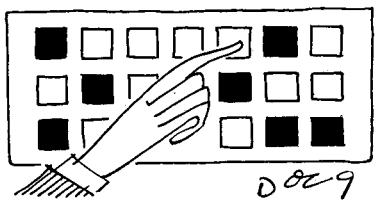
Other "talk" shows, however, are springing up all over the country. Not the old-fashioned panel talk, but the shows where listeners call in to chat with a personality on any subject that happens to come up. We had occasion to be a guest on two of these telephone talk-jockey shows recently, and found the disembodied voices coming from the loudspeakers on the studio walls a little eerie, disconcerting, and fascinating.

In Philadelphia, Jack McKinney mans the telephone at WCAU Radio's *Night Talk* from 10 P.M. until 2 A.M. five nights a week, using a varied panel of guests and inviting his audience to phone in on any one of three numbers with their questions. McKinney remains alert and stimulating throughout the entire four hours, goading and guiding both his guests and his phone callers. His bare studio is dominated by a large Formica-covered table covered with scattered microphones and ashtrays. McKinney sits at the head of the table beside a phone set that is never picked up. On it are perhaps twenty buttons which he punches at random whenever the spirit moves him, letting the hollow voice of the listener come booming into the studio from the loudspeaker.

At the start McKinney sets the mood and subject for his marathon. The clear plastic buttons on the phone remain dark. Then he reminds his listeners of the phone numbers to call, and within seconds the whole panel lights up, each plastic square persistently blinking on and off. On the night we visited the *Night Talk* studio, every button blinked without letup for the entire four hours, except for those first introductory moments.

Outside the studio, the engineer sits at the controls, waving occasional signals and twisting dials. Behind him, a young man is constantly picking up an actual phone and screening the callers to keep out the wild and totally irresponsible ones. Further protection is provided by a seven-second delay of the broadcast, which permits either the engineer or McKinney to chop off any indiscreet caller before he gets his indiscretion on the air.

Visitors who may be wandering through the hallway can peer in to watch the broadcast, but are confused by the whole thing because they are hearing the seven-second delay on a hallway loudspeaker, but watching the live conversation as it actually takes place. The effect is like watching a man chop wood hundreds of yards away. The ax strikes, but the sound is long in coming.



On the night we were a guest, the automatic counter in the control room registered some 5,600 incoming "busy outs," as the calls that fail to get into the studio are designated. Only about thirty people actually got on the air during the program, about average for the four hours.

The blame, or credit, for the big surge in the talk-jockey wave rests primarily

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1664)

R(EBECCA) WEST:
(THE) NEW MEANING OF TREASON

Year in year out, the British public was falsely told that the atomic spies were scientists who had nothing to do with the Communist party and simply thought that scientific knowledge should be held by all countries in common. That deception must never be forgotten.

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on George Skinner, general manager of New York's WNBC-AM/FM, who has now turned the NBC Radio flagship station into what he calls "*The* Conversation Station." As a program consultant, he helped KABC in Los Angeles to move into an all-talk format, and the audience jumped 50 per cent. The trend in radio, which has been holding up remarkably well in the face of television, has been for stations to move into defined slots: classic, pop, rock-'n'-roll, talk, or news and weather.

But Skinner makes a clear distinction between a "talk" station and a "conversation" station. The former, he says, is one that "makes any articulate noise." But in a conversation station, he says, "You pay direct and personal attention to the listener, in a relaxed way."

Skinner, unlike those in charge of the Philadelphia station, is a firm believer in *not* screening the phone calls as they come in. "It's much more exciting

this way," he says. "Sort of a telephone Russian roulette. The seven-second delay we have is enough protection, and we get a lot more interest, enthusiasm, and spontaneity. Another thing we insist on is that the callers remain absolutely anonymous. There are some very good reasons for this. It helps eliminate the real egocentrics, and it helps protect people from being pestered by listeners who disagree with them. But, most important, people simply won't speak their minds if they have to identify themselves. They're subject to too many economic, political, and social pressures.

"So we invite controversy, we invite people to speak their minds, and they can say anything they want as long as it's in good taste."

The big guns groomed by Skinner wade into every sort of controversy at the click of a phone button. Brad Crandall handles calls on sex, integration, cybernetics, politics, and religion without flinching. Long John Nebel carries on every night from midnight until 5 A.M. but uses a phone only part of the time. Controversial subjects are no rarity on either show, a fact that should be heartening to the pessimist who thinks free speech is being throttled.

The trend is growing, whether it's in Boston, Buffalo, Houston, or St. Louis. If it keeps up—who knows?—it may even push rock-'n'-roll right off the air.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

'The faculty of imagination
is...the principal source
of human improvement."
Dugald Stewart
(1753-1828)

Despite advances in automation,
chemical research can never be
a push-button operation.

For research requires imagination.
First, to select the areas of human
need. Then, to devise programs
to meet those needs.

Automation expedites our research
effort. But our chemists and scientists
never forget that the human touch
must precede the push-button touch.

And they use this approach, whether
the goal be a more productive earth--
or a mightier reach toward the stars.

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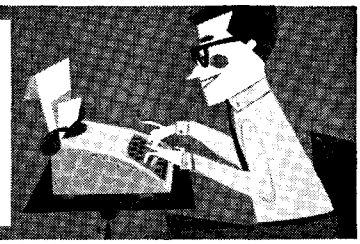

Madison Medicine Men on the Move

SHE IS a woman in the middle years of a comfortable life, but time hangs heavily. She has one hobby. She collects injustices. A long wait for an elevator, or a salesgirl who doesn't spring to, will become that day's what-is-this-world-coming-to.

It was suggested she find surcease from these soul-searing persecutions by joining a worthy movement, activating a social cause, or fighting a dastardly evil. "Remember," she was told, "ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country."

She admitted that was cute but where could she find the movement, the cause, the evil? It was pointed out they were in her daily newspapers. They would give her direction, a focal point. Had she read that morning's paper?

"Oh yes," she said, "and I'm on my way downtown to De Pinna's. They have a bag sale."

Wrong direction, wrong focal point. The entire world is in ferment. The very city in which she lives is mired in the muck of years of bad management, its schools and hospitals overcrowded, its teachers underpaid, and its impoverished in rebellion. Mix in. Join something.

"You mean like they say on television —give up our Caddy and join the Dodge Rebellion?"

And there you have it. Commercials and advertisements have taken over mass communications. The news in the dailies is so frightening, the entertainment on the home screen so banal that readers and viewers have shut out this worst possible of all worlds behind an endless barrage of hawking.

And no wonder. In past years many commercials have become so tastily produced and filmed, so smartly inventive, so adroitly languaged that it was no surprise, for example, when the Russians landed softly on the moon, that a high American executive of a jet propulsion laboratory paraphrased one of TV's soft sells: "Now I know," he said, "how it feels to be Avis."

The list of brightly conceived commercials grows daily. And in contrast to the programs they sponsor, the new-style filmed one-minute vignettes are not permitted to become monotonously overexposed. After having run a reasonable course they are replaced by new and equally inventive concepts. Alka-Seltzer tablets come to mind. They were dropped into a glass of water over which were heard voices of soft, one-sentence bickering. A pleasant demonstration of the therapy they offer for a stomach sensitive to argument and stress. Having made that point, the copy writer moved on to the current catchy montage of body movements, over which a voice quietly says: "No matter what shape your stomach is in, Alka-Seltzer is the best of any medicine you can buy without a prescription."

There are even some copy writers who believe one picture is worth a thousand words of hard sell. These commercials have no dialogue until the picture has told its story. The Gulf tire that bumps merrily over hill and dale to an exciting musical accompaniment, at the close of which a voice delivers a word or two of sell. Or the little boy shown bouncing a rubber ball until it rolls away and is found under a car by a Texaco station attendant with no clinical dialogue about the gas and how they get the lead out.

Since it has been established that consumers don't buy products but do buy slogans and brand names, these serve their sponsors well. It wouldn't be surprising to learn that TV viewers buy these products out of sheer relief and a heart full of thanks.

THESE and many other remembered and talked-about sales pitches have become the oases of maturity in a wasteland of entertainment which grows vaster with each passing year and which this season has begun the descent to the comic-book level. And due credit is given to Madison Avenue, a thoroughfare that begins in New York at 14th Street, winds its way to midtown, spills over into Park and Lexington avenues on either side, and runs cross-country to Sunset Strip in California.

But there are still holdouts for the so-called irritating sell—the George Washington Hill, the Anne and Frank Hummert messages, repeated and repeated. And, it must be admitted, they sold cigarettes and medicinal properties most successfully. But of course that was radio, with no picture to lend an added dimension to their sales talk. And there are still many Madison Avenue

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hawkers who use the picture not well and not wisely.

These are mostly in the commercials that incongruously link their products to the basic appeal of sex. As is evidenced in a troubled letter received here from Mrs. Ned Houston, Houston Ranch, Boerne, Texas. She begins with: "As pleased as one might be with clean clothes I cannot remember a single soul running about shrieking, 'They even smell clean!'

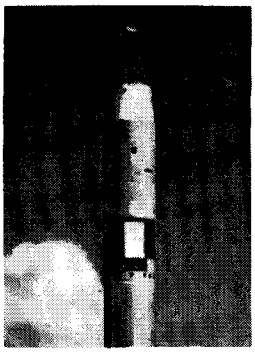
"I have had a master cold," she continues, "and the only thing I have been able to smell is Vick's Vaporub. When I turned on TV I heard a comely young woman say: 'Vick's Vaporub is so loving —so right.' Attached as I am to this emollient, I am certainly in no mood to have an affair. I have a happy marriage and now I'm afraid it's just a matter of time before my husband sues for divorce naming this Vick's jar as corespondent. It is my belief that if Vick's is 'so loving' it is not right. It is wrong! As much as I love Vick's Vaporub I want my love to be unrequited."

Perhaps the Vick's people will send Mrs. Houston a copy of the book they must have in preparation, *Sex and the Master Cold*. But this is only one sample of tying sex appeal to a product of neuter, if any, gender. The beautiful siren rising from the ocean inviting me "downstairs" to a tin of tuna is another. However, there are areas where appeal to the animal is almost required.

You will agree, I am certain, that a girl named Avon covered from head to toe in hat, suit, and a pair of low-heeled walking shoes and carrying a sample case, who rings your doorbell to sell a beautifier, is no match for the slithering girl in provocative disarray growling at women to buy Tiger perfume, or whatever she has for sale, promising if they wear it men will organize a safari to hunt them down.

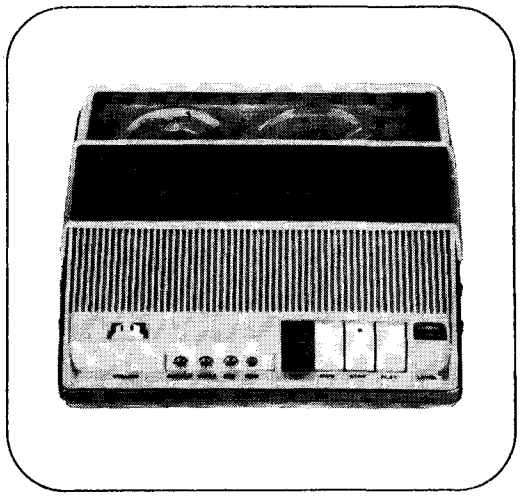
In cosmetics there is a point for using the basic rather than, say, the spiritual pitch. A perfume called "Why Not?" is basic, whereas a perfume called "Absolutely No" is, shall we say, spiritual? But a woman likes a man to wonder. And to douse herself in "Absolutely No" and remove all doubt would be shattering.

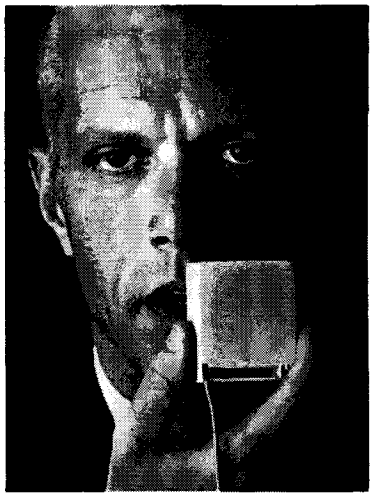
But the overall commercial picture looms bright. Letters arrive daily saying the commercials are better than the entertainment. It is only a matter of time till we may hear announcers say, "We interrupt this commercial for a moment of program." And this will be the moment that viewers will go to their refrigerators or their medicine cabinets for the sponsor's product. —GOODMAN ACE.

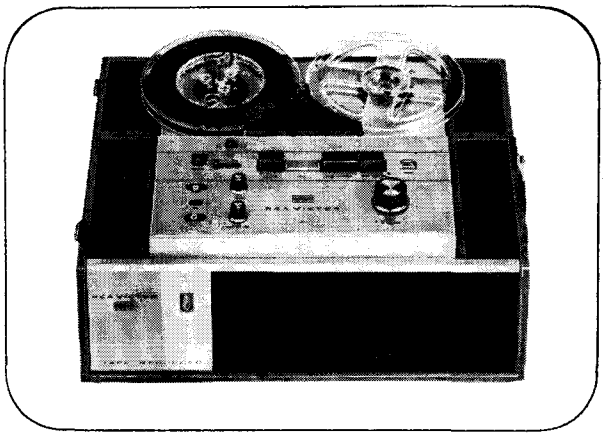


National Aeronautics and Space Administration

We make one for Gemini- now we offer 9 for you ...tape recorders from RCA Victor (from $49.95*)







Nine to choose from—and every one is Solid State. Not a tube in the lot. And they all have the Space Age reliability of RCA Solid Copper Circuits that won't come loose, won't short circuit, won't go haywire.

Choose a snap-in cartridge model that loads in seconds. Or a reel-to-reel model. The *Tiros I* at upper left is battery operated. Take it anywhere. Or, with adapter (optional), plug it into any 120-volt AC outlet. The *Score I*, above, is a deluxe 4-track reel-to-reel model with 6" oval speaker, tone control, tape usage digital counter and VU meter. See them and seven more—at your RCA Victor dealer's—soon.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

*For the *Tiros I*, prices optional with dealer

RCA Solid Copper Circuits are the circuits of the Space Age... they replace old-fashioned handwiring for better performance, greater dependability, fewer service headaches.

RCA The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

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8208. VIOLATION OF TABOO: Incest in Literature. Ed. by Donald Webster Cory & R.E.L. Masters. The first collection of English language literature on incest—includes Maugham, Gorky, Melville, Sade, Pierre Louys, Mann's "Blood of the Walsungs," John Ford's "'Tis Pity She's a Whore," etc.
Orig. $7.50. *Only* **4.95**

8207. Classic Anti-Feminist Literature: THE ANTI-SEX. By R.E.L. Masters & Eduard Lea. Womanhaters from the Greeks to the present—selections by Juvenal, Aristophanes, Swift, Sade, Schopenhauer, Strindberg, Beaumont, more. Insight into male frustration and sexual conflict. 492 pp.
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R-848. Krips' COMPLETE BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES. Arranged in sequence for automatic record changers. These are the famous London Festival definitive recordings. 7 magnificent records plus handsome 2-color soft-bound Pictorial History of Composer's life. Originally released in different format at $40.00. **Stereo.** *Only* **9.95**
R-849. Same as above in Monaural. *Only* **9.95**

R-856. Beethoven: THE MIDDLE QUARTETS. Superb collection includes the 3 "Razumovsky" Quartets (Op. 59), noted for their depth of feeling and virtuoso mastery, and Opus Nos. 74 and 95. The Fine Arts Quartet. Complete 3 record set. **Stereo.** *Orig. $14.94.* *Only* **4.95**
R-857. Same as above in Monaural. *Orig. $14.94.* *Only* **4.95**

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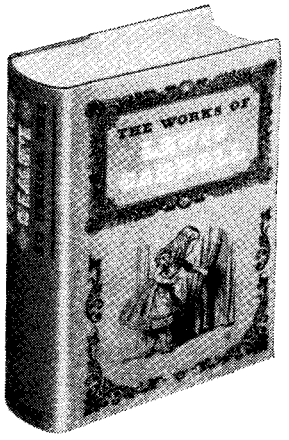

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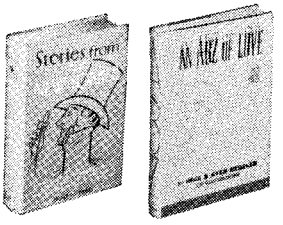

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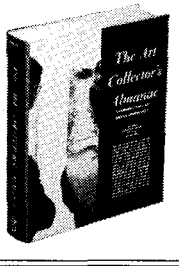

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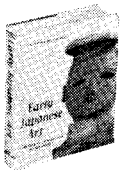

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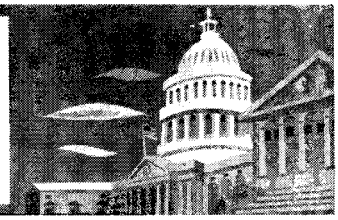

Chinese Puzzle

A LITTLE BEFORE President Johnson was faced with the anguish of a decision on whether or not to end suspension of the bombing in North Vietnam and the strategy to adopt thereafter, he approached one of his aides on the likelihood of China's entering the war. His aide replied that he thought this unlikely as long as he remained President. This was not some sort of deferential compliment to Mr. Johnson: he simply wanted to express his confidence in the President's caution, in the expectation that he would resist all pressures to escalate the war to a point where Chinese intervention could become a dangerous possibility.

Unquestionably there has been a rising concern in Washington over the chances of China's entry into the war. It has shone through many of the questions put by members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee during their hearings on the Administration's policy in Asia. There was General Gavin's concern that should the American troop concentration grow to 600,000 men or more, the Chinese "surely" would reopen the Korean war; there was Roger Hilsman, former Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs, who said before the same forum: "Today Communist China and the United States are on a collision course. The outcome can only be war." There are senior analysts in the State Department who also believe that stepped-up warfare could lead to a direct clash between the two nations. And Joseph Kraft, the columnist, says that the North Vietnamese themselves have ended "a policy of extreme caution," and that one of the Hanoi papers reports an entire Chinese division has volunteered to fight against the U.S.

A few, especially among the military in the Pentagon, are not worried about such a confrontation, and indeed would welcome it. And Senator Stennis of Mississippi, a ranking and influential member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, exhorted people the other day to brace themselves against the possible use of nuclear weapons if the Chinese were to intervene.

The assumption that meanwhile underlies all American plans for escalation in Vietnam is that the Chinese will not feel directly challenged to come into the war if the American buildup is kept below a certain level; even doubling or tripling the number of American troops, it is believed, would not be considered by Peking as an outright provocation. The answer to those who cite Korea as an ominous precedent—for the majority view at the time was that China would not enter that war—is that in Korea the United States command made the fatal error of attempting to fight right up to the Chinese border and then, as it were, cornering the enemy by threatening some of China's most essential lines of communication, which left Peking no alternative but to intervene. In Vietnam, however, the United States, say the policymakers, has made it abundantly clear that there is no intention whatever to conquer North Vietnam. American troops would not cross the 17th parallel, as they did the 38th in Korea. No direct threat to China would therefore occur. The last thing the Chinese want is a direct clash with the United States. It is their policy, so the saying goes, to fight to the last Vietnamese with words, keeping their own regular forces out of it; for to engage them would run the risk of the U.S. retaliating directly against China.

The possibility that the Chinese would engage their Air Force to protect North Vietnam is rejected on the assumption that Peking will not risk the destruction of its small, obsolescent aircraft, which are needed for protection of the air space opposite Formosa. And the sharpening conflict with the Soviet Union makes it unlikely that the Chinese will take risks at a time when they cannot take Soviet military support, based on their mutual assistance, for granted.

At any rate, the assumption on which a limited escalation of American ground forces has been decided is that China will not intervene. President Johnson, up to now at least, has been anxious for the kind of psychological backing that the British Government has given the United States. It has been extremely important to him. Thus Prime Minister Wilson's statement that he could not maintain this support if the United States were to bomb Haiphong or Hanoi may have had a certain restraining influence on the escalation of the bombing, though it is known that President Johnson himself is also firmly set against hitting targets in those two cities.

It is my own impression that although the peace efforts at the United Nations will continue at least in some sort of *pro forma* way, the United States will not attempt another major peace gesture—as the pause was—for possibly as long as another eighteen months, unless the other side takes a peace initiative. The general assessment now is for hard and unspectacular fighting ahead, possibly for as long as five years.

What is most unlikely to happen, though it is now being advocated by many of the military, is the sending of American forces into South Laos to cut off the Ho Chi Minh trail—the main supply line for the Vietcong forces. This would involve violating the sovereignty of Laos and for that reason and because of the number of troops it would require there is considerable hesitation.

ONE other important basic conclusion is that the war will not be won by bombing the north or the south or by fighting in the rice paddies (though all this will continue), but through the new rural reconstruction program—once called the pacification of the countryside. Whether it will be more successful than the original idea no one dares to predict. But the belief is stronger than ever that unless the peasants in the villages come to feel safe, unless they get better protection, the Vietcong will go on getting local support; that while the Vietcong have to be pursued and kept in check with arms they will not be defeated with arms, but only by "disarming" them of the protection the peasantry provide, for as long as they have this cooperation and protection they can hold out *ad infinitum*. These are the basic policy lines the U.S. will hold to from now on in Vietnam, and they commit the country more than ever to a prolonged stay in Vietnam, without any end in sight.

But to get back to the policymakers' chief worry now—direct Chinese intervention in the Vietnamese war: There seems to be unanimous agreement among the experts that the Chinese are convinced the U.S. is bent, in the long run, on attacking her. What they can't agree on, however, is whether this erroneous conviction (doubtless based on their own state of war-mindedness and not on signals sent from here) will act as a deterrent in keeping Peking out of the Vietnamese war come what may, or whether it will lead them to get into it.

The experts can only hope this will not happen and the President's calculations are based on this premise. But he has decided to see this war through, however long it may take. He is now fully engaging his personal prestige and he will do whatever is needed to prevent a Communist victory over South Vietnam. This at least is the mood in which he went to the Honolulu Conference and in which, reinforced, he returned.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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Research Submersibles: A report from General Dynamics

New breed of vessel:

A hundred and thirty feet down in the Aegean Sea, a Byzantine galley had hidden its secrets for almost fifteen centuries. Then in 1964, University of Pennsylvania Museum archeologists mounted paired cameras on a new research submarine, Asherah, and learned more from the three-dimensional photographs obtained in one "flight" over the wreck than had been possible from weeks of scuba diving.

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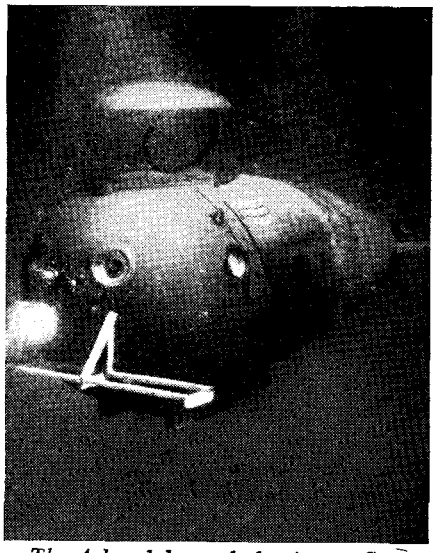
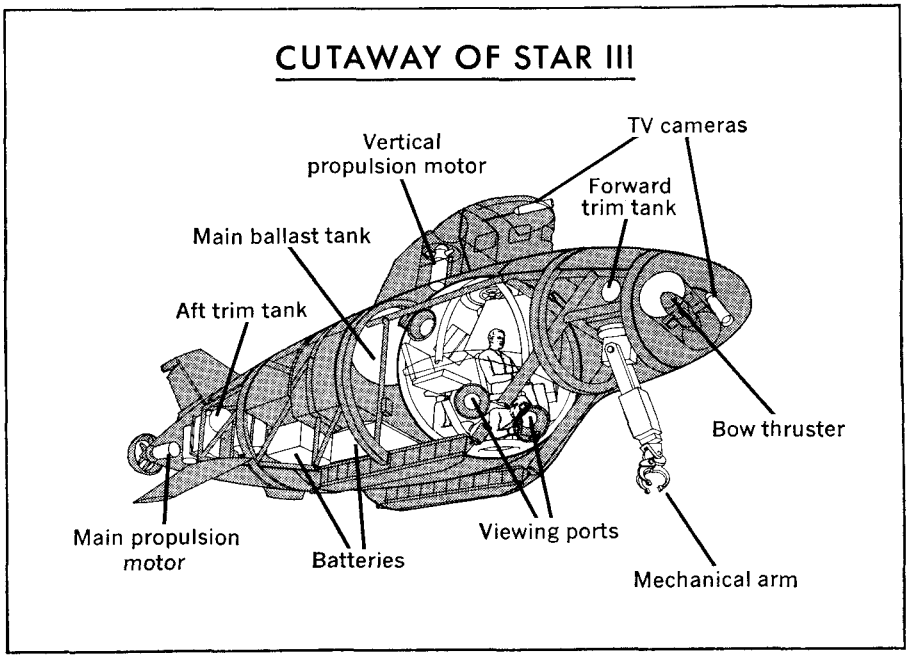


The Asherah beneath the Aegean Sea.

A larger boat we call Star III (see cutaway drawing below) is built of even tougher HY-100 steel. It has a cruising depth of 2,000 feet, and is equipped with an external mechanical arm that has interchangeable "hands"—a clamshell grip, a wire cutter, and a "three-finger" which can pick up a pencil or a 200-pound weight, or manipulate a valve.



The Aluminaut, the largest research sub so far, was built by General Dynamics for Reynolds International to prove, among other things, the feasibility of aluminum as a hull metal. The 51-foot Aluminaut is designed to operate at depths up to 15,000 feet, under pressures up to more than 7,000 pounds per square inch. Aluminaut, in early sea trials, has cruised as deep as 6,250 feet, and remained submerged for over 30 continuous hours. AWorld War II military submarine rarely remained submerged for more than 24 hours.

Problems and needs:

These early research subs still have many limitations of speed, range and submerged endurance. They require back-up by a mother ship and have to be carried or towed to a job location.

This last "limitation" can sometimes be an advantage. Asherah and Star II, for example, are small enough to be rushed by air for a rescue operation.

But subs with many special characteristics will be needed for exploring—and for exploiting—the sea.

Some vessels will have to withstand pressures up to 10,000 pounds per square inch, to allow them to penetrate into mid-ocean abysses four miles deep. Work subs for, say, mining will have to be stable enough in a buoyant environment not to be whipped about in reaction to the force of their own tools.

We have already done a study for the Bureau of Fisheries showing feasibility of a submarine to track oceanic fish. It would be 160 feet long, carry 31 persons at speeds up to 20 knots, and could cruise submerged for up to 90 days.

Right now, we don't think there will ever be one single all-purpose type of research-work submarine. Just as land vehicles range from motor scooters to 20-ton earthmovers, so will most manned submersibles be designed and built for special purposes.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic and communication systems; machinery; building materials; coal and gases.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

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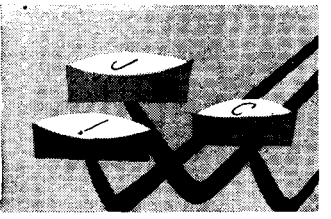
Manner of Speaking



Fantasy Life, the Human Condition, and Deep Thoughts (or, No Subject): My fantasy life keeps sending me messages in a code to which I do not have the key. Is this state of things the human condition? I have to believe that it is. But I must also believe that there exist occasional flashes of a garbled lucidity: the illusion of understanding what we really know nothing about. I am, in fact, in the process of having such a flash.

The process is basically an act of faith. I have faith in the existence of an enduring principle of irony at the center of the human condition. It must be so because, by definition, the human condition is the condition of trying to find out what human beings have done, what they are doing, and what they are likely to do next.

By definition, too, this act of inquiry is exclusively the occupation of human beings. From the divinities of Ur to the propositions of Ethical Culture, human beings have been haunted by the idea that Gods and Noumena are involved in the inquiry. Yet, there is no argument here for the religious: whatever Gods and/or Noumena one is haunted by, it is their nature to *know* what the human condition is. The Gods and Noumena know, the beasts seem to ask no pertinent questions, and we lack information on what the Martians, if any, may be thinking. We are forced to conclude that the human condition is a subject of exclusively human inquiry.

So it is that I can be sure the human condition (whatever it is) is centered on irony. It must be so centered because everyone involved in asking questions about it has a sense of irony as his own center. When irony is built into the inquirer, the inquiry cannot come to any but ironical conclusions.

These reflections, of course, are not direct transmissions from my fantasy life, but deductions from the nature of all receivers. Once we know our wave lengths, we can begin to know what sorts of messages we may hope to receive and what sorts of messages are beyond our reception.

The Air Force used to have something called Self-Evident Code. It was always, I believe, transmitted orally and on low frequencies. Since I have received from the fantasy transmitter nothing that could be classified either as a voice or as self-evident, I conclude, if only presumptively, that my receiver does not work within these low-frequency bands.

I am not sure what happens in the middle and high frequencies, nor do I know at what point middle becomes high, high becomes very high, and very high becomes ultra. I was not the radio man in the first place; I was just along for the ride. I do seem to recall that whenever I listened in on very high frequencies for curiosity's sake, I heard a series of high-pitched dits and dahs flipping their distorted way through a curtain of squees, squaws, and cosmic whines. The radio man usually managed to make some sort of sense of this ether-gibber, but it has remained forever beyond me, except as a metaphor for my fantasy life; it is at just such frequencies my fantasy seems to transmit, those dits and dahs will do well enough for the message it sends, and that high-frequency static does excellently for the screen of space-warped inanities through which my fantasy transmission is garbled.

I am, that is to say, receiving some sort of Morse, it is coming in faster than I could read it even if it were not being distorted by interference, it *is* being distorted on nothing less than a cosmic scale, and were I able to convert all the dits and dahs into the right letters, I am sure the message would turn out to be in a code to which I do not have the key.

It may, therefore, seem presumptuous of me to claim that I have a guess about the nature of the message, but I have one nonetheless. Grant me that it is only on these frequencies that we can receive (at least until the Freudian radio man teaches us how to search other bands), that it is in some sort of Morse (which that Freudian radio man can, possibly, teach us to convert into alphabetical characters), and that irony is a built-in principle of all receivers (whereby irony becomes a fixed principle of all messages received)—grant me these three grants, and I am ready to burst forth, like an arc lamp, with a dazzle of insight:

All those coded messages, had we the key to them, would turn out to be instructions on how to use the key we do not have.

That thought may seem to be a bit complicated but do not be put off by the

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involutions of the truth. Take Dante's warning instead:

O voi che avete gl'intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina che s'asconde
Sotto il velame degli versi strani!

Men of sound intellect and probity,
weigh with good understanding
what lies hidden
behind the veil of my strange
allegory!

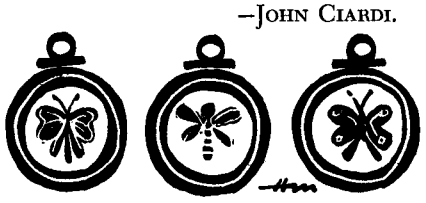
As I have already confessed, this insight came to me with the lucidity and revelation of pure guess. It is, therefore, irrefutable. It exists as self-evidently as a Euclidean axiom. Let the non-Euclideans show their virtuosity by proving that Euclid's conclusions could be reached by beginning with a set of antipodal axioms: it is still to those conclusions we must come until we are moved to describe another fantasy as the reality we tune in to.

The true test of this revelation is not in debate, but in demonstration. Let any man switch on all his fantasy circuits and let him prepare himself with coffee, whisky, sobriety, or whatever other drug serves his metabolic receptivity. Then, while he is attuned to the ether flutters of his widest mind, let him proceed carefully through any newspaper, an issue of the *Congressional Record*, the minutes of the last meeting of anything, his child's last school composition, Jacobus de Voragine's *Legenda Aura*, the family photograph album, a transcript of last week's sermon as delivered at the church of his choice and/or convenience, a federal requisition order for materials with a value in excess of $100, or through any other document of weight and moment that purports to describe this world, aforesaid documents to be perused in any combination, with any reasonable omissions, and in any order, or none.

Then, if such a perusal does not demonstrate that all is fantasy, that the fantasy is in an unknown code, and that the message—had we the key to the code—would turn out to contain instruction on how to use the key we do not have. . . .

If, I say, the demonstration is not conclusive, why then that man is suffering from doctrinaire overclarification of his stupidity, and there is no hope for him until he has learned to do enough thinking to become confused again, and has thereby reinstated himself as a member in good standing of the Society for Being Hopefully Uncertain about the Nature of the Human Condition.

—JOHN CIARDI.



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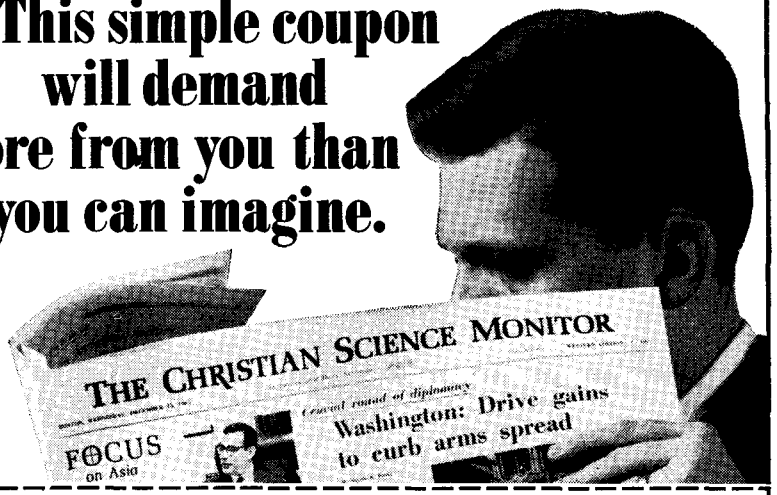

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Saturday Review
March 5, 1966

Business and Government—Do They Speak the Same Language?

AN EXCLUSIVE ECONOMIC SURVEY

The continuing national debate over the proper roles of business and government in the U.S. economy has been given fresh momentum recently by such events as the aluminum price increase and the settlement that finally ended New York City's bus and subway strike. What is the current state of the debate and where is it likely to lead? In these pages SR seeks to throw some light on the subject with a special report by Dexter M. Keezer, economic advisor to McGraw-Hill, Inc., and former director of its department of economics; an exclusive survey of executives and economists; and an analysis of the survey by Alfred Balk, a writer specializing in current economic and political issues.

By DEXTER M. KEEZER

IT WILL BE many years before economists and historians have managed to assess accurately the manifold causes of the business boom of unprecedented duration (now five years). Such is the superlatively complex collection of forces that makes for business expansion or contraction, not the least of which surely is good luck.

But at this juncture it is possible to identify clearly enough some of the key elements that have contributed to the record-breaking stretch of expanding prosperity which, since February 1961, has added about $200 billion, or 40 per cent, to the annual rate at which goods and services are produced in the United States—an increase from about $500 billion to about $700 billion. These key elements include:

► Bold and, as it turned out, brilliant use of massive federal tax cuts (in the face of a large federal deficit) to increase the demand for goods and services and hence ultimately, via an increased volume of business, federal tax receipts—a triumph of high-test Keynesian economic therapy.

► New federal tax incentives—an investment credit and increased depreciation allowances (deadly dull to discuss but of crucial economic importance)—for business firms to invest in new and better capital equipment to meet increased demand for their products.

► Provision by the Federal Reserve money-manufacturing system of an abundant and relatively low-priced supply of money and credit.

► Restraint by labor leaders, reinforced by a relatively abundant supply of labor which, with some notable exceptions, has kept wage increases roughly in line with increases in output per man-hour, and thus kept labor costs relatively stable.

► Restraint by business managers in raising prices, reinforced by a relative abundance of producing capacity, which, among other things, has reduced the incentive to build up large inventories of goods, the ups and then downs of which have been a primary cause of postwar ups and downs of business generally.

► Business confidence, at least in the key decision-making centers, in the wisdom and integrity of a partnership between government and business proclaimed and very actively promoted in Washington.

The inclusion of business confidence as a key contributor to the record-breaking economic expansion is controversial. Indeed, there are many who think that such confidence is of incidental importance at most.

But to see how wrong they who feel this way could be, it is only necessary to take a look at the early phases of the current expansion. It is true that the expansion officially started in February 1961, only a month after President John F. Kennedy took office. But it was a weak and halting expansion until 1963, so halting that some analysts, including Professor Paul W. McCracken of the Graduate School of Business of the University of Michigan, a former member of the Council of Economic Advisors, says it "is not even factually correct to claim that there has been an uninterrupted expansion since 1961. The present expansion . . . began two years later in early 1963." In 1962 the gross national product, roughly the total of goods and services produced, continued to rise, but after April industrial production flattened out for the balance of the year.

Significantly, it was in April 1962 that President Kennedy moved violently to force major steel companies to revoke a price increase they had announced. The President had great provocation to react violently to the steel price increase. It was announced to him as a *fait accompli* after a steel industry wage settlement that he had been assured was, and he had hailed as, one that would not require any broad price increases.

Even so, his action in forcing the steel companies to roll back the steel price increase, which was based entirely on executive discretion and had no founda-

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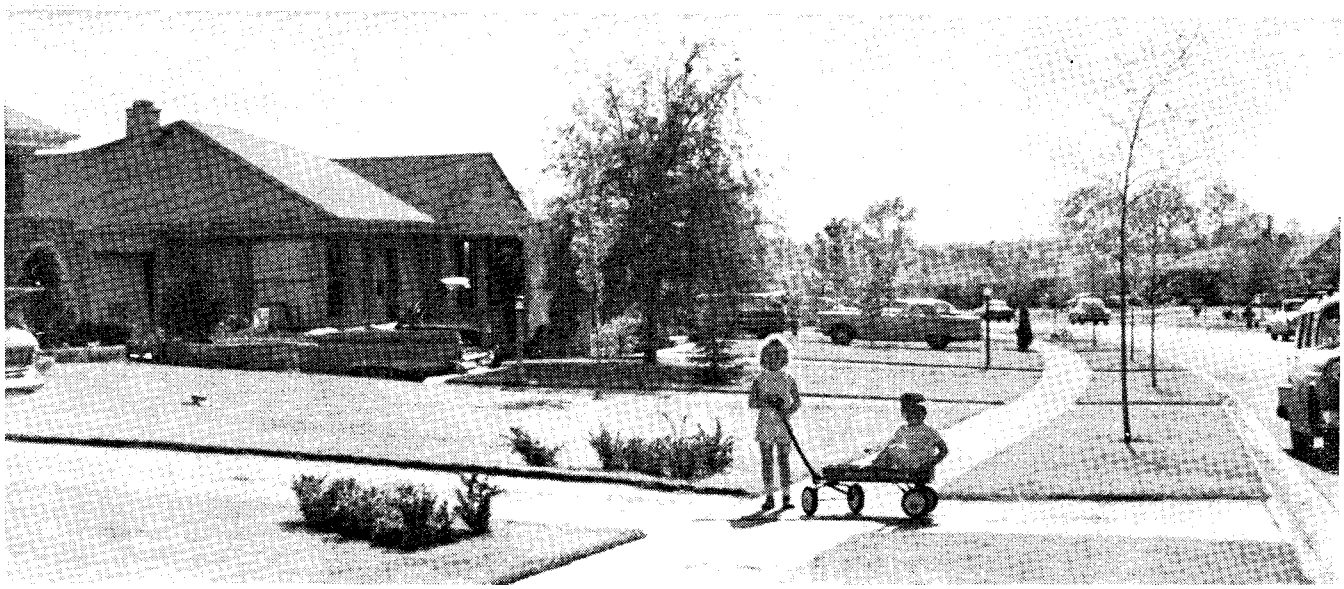

—Bloom (Monkmeyer).

In spite of Appalachia and the nation's other poverty pockets . . .

tion in law, had a shattering effect on business confidence in the Kennedy Administration. It conjured up visions of federal controls on business operations arbitrarily applied, and with intimations that federal agencies, such as the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Internal Revenue Service, might be involved in the process. One immediate response was the sharpest break in the stock market there had been since the end of World War II. A response of more abiding significance was a decline of 3.5 per cent from the third quarter of 1962 to the first quarter of 1963 in the expenditure of business firms for new producing facilities. Such expenditure is among the most basic ingredients of economic expansion or the reverse.

But, as Arthur F. Burns, president of the National Bureau of Economic Research and a former chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, who has studied this soggy phase of the business expansion closely, puts it, "President Kennedy had a quick and honest mind. Recognizing that the government's handling of the steel price problem had disturbed and estranged the business community, he turned at once to the difficult task of rebuilding confidence."

Reassuring words were accompanied by reassuring deeds. In July, 1962, three months after the steel "confrontation," the Treasury announced regulations that would give business firms more generous allowances for the depreciation of their plants and equipment, and hence more tax-free funds with which to purchase new producing equipment. To encourage them to do this a tax credit of 7 per cent on the purchase of new equipment was also approved by Congress in July 1962, and revised to liberalize the application of the credit in May of last year. In August 1962 President Kennedy proposed a sweeping income tax reduction for corporations and individuals and followed it with specific legislative plans for a $10 billion reduction early in 1963. This massive tax reduction was proposed in the face of the fact that it was estimated that the federal government would have a deficit of about $12 billion by the end of the fiscal year six months later.

At the time of President Kennedy's death, business confidence in his Administration was beginning to respond to the strong remedial measures he had taken, and the vigor of the business expansion was responding affirmatively, too. By the end of 1963 the annual rate of business expenditure for new plant and equipment had risen from $37 billion to well over $41 billion.

WHEN he took office, President Johnson proceeded to build on the improving relationship between business and the national administration by undertaking to create a close and understanding partnership. If the nation is to solve its pressing problems here and abroad, he said on many occasions, business and government leaders must work together in an atmosphere of mutual cooperation and confidence. Come let us reason together, and work together, was his standing and urgent invitation to the nation's business leaders. And although there was no blinking the fact that the Johnson administration is specially beholden to organized labor for almost unanimous support at the polls, most business leaders responded enthusiastically, and their drive for business expansion did likewise.

Now the confidence of the business community has received some severe shocks, primarily in the zone of wage and price adjustments, which are decisive determinants of business success or the lack of it. One of these came last November when Gardner Ackley, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, concluded that increases of half a cent a pound in the price of ingot aluminum, posted by several companies, "have no justification under the wage-price guidelines and therefore are inflationary." The increases were rolled back apparently by the threat to throw aluminum from government stockpiles on the market. At any rate, one Washington correspondent has remarked that those in Washington who believe the stockpiles were not used as a club to batter down the price increase could be comfortably accommodated in one telephone booth. The same treatment was accorded to an announced increase in the price of copper, which was also rolled back.

Another tremor was felt at the turn of the year when the government condemned an increase of $5 a ton in the price of structural steel, announced by the Bethlehem Steel Company, after Chairman Ackley had found the increase not only inflationary, but unpatriotic as well. "While Americans are fighting and dying in Vietnam," he said, "something extra is expected from the rest of us."

President Johnson not only pronounced the $5 increase "unwarranted," but subsequently concluded that a price increase of $2.75 a ton, proposed as a compromise by the United States Steel Corporation along with decreases in some other steel prices, would be in the "national interest." Thus an arrangement that soothed battered feelings was arrived at, but business had not been emboldened by the government's announced intention to use its power as a heavy purchaser of steel to penalize the companies that had initially announced the $5 a ton increase.

The latest shock to business confidence has, ironically enough, come in the condemnation by President Johnson and his economic advisors of the wage increase granted to the New York City transit workers, to end their catastrophic twelve-day strike. He pronounced the

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—*Monkmeyer.*

. . . most Americans are living a life of unprecedented abundance.

increase inflationary and not in the national interest. In this case the shock comes not from the President's conclusion but from his assertion of helplessness to do anything about it.

"We have no controls," the President said. "These are voluntary matters." It takes prodigious stretching of the term to characterize the government's rollback of the metal price increases as "voluntary matters." Consequently the Johnson Administration's handling, or lack of it, of the New York transit wage increase is widely accepted in the business community as confirmation of the fact that Washington has a soft line in dealing with wage increases, and a hard line in dealing with price increases.

One interesting test of the current confidence of business leaders in the mutuality of their partnership with the Johnson Administration can readily be made by citing at almost any business gathering the full passage from Chapter I (Verses 18-29) of the *Book of Isaiah* in the Bible, which is one origin of President Johnson's often repeated invitation to business leaders, "Come let us reason together." The whole passage reads:

> Come now, and let us reason together,
> saith the Lord:
> though your sins be as scarlet,
> they shall be white as snow;
> though they be red like crimson,
> they shall be as wool.
> If ye be willing and obedient,
> ye shall eat the good of the land.
> But if ye refuse and rebel,
> ye shall be devoured with the sword;
> for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The conclusion of this passage can be counted on to be greeted by a roar of appreciative agreement.

The forecasts of the general course of business in the United States during this year of 1966 are generally so optimistic that any bruised feelings by business leaders are likely to be regarded by more people than ever as of no more than trivial importance. Where the Gross National Product was about $675 billion last year, most professional forecasts place it between $715 and $720 billion this year, and many of them range upward from there. For example, Walter W. Heller, former chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, forecasts a Gross National Product of $723 billion this year. Allowing for a 2.2 per cent increase in prices, as Dr. Heller does, that would mean an increase of 5.2 per cent in physical volume of goods and services this year. With such a head of steam under the economy as is indicated by forecasts like this which is about the same as that made by the present Council of Economic Advisors, why worry about the state of business confidence?

Furthermore, the stock market is operating around an all-time high. There is no evidence of consequential cut backs in plans for business investment in new producing facilities.

VIEWED with anything more than a grasshopper's perspective, however, the very stuff of which the extremely optimistic business forecasts are made underlines the importance of having President Johnson's government-business partnership in tolerably good working order. Almost all of the economic forecasts for 1966 have been revised upward recently. The controlling reason has been the expectation that an economy working up toward capacity is going to have the demands of an expanding war in Vietnam piled on top of it. Depending on the magnitude of the war buildup, this means more economic stimulation. It also means a buildup of inflationary pressures, particularly in the wake of the large doses of stimulation the Johnson Administration has already given.

There is also the possibility, of course, that the round-the-world "peace offensive" of the United States will have some success before long. In this profoundly-to-be-prayed-for eventuality, or in the eventuality that war expenditure for Vietnam is held relatively constant, there will be occasion to revise the current economic forecasts downward. Indeed, those who gauge the economic outlook for one of the nation's largest and most successful industrial enterprises are convinced that downward revision is already overdue and that, even with any feasible expansion of the war in Vietnam taken into account, the primary problem confronting the nation is deflation, not inflation. "Most economists," they remark, "are extraordinarily gifted in identifying problems after they have ceased to exist. This is currently the case with their preoccupation with the threat of inflation. The real threat is deflation."

The fact, of course, is that we do not have enough economic understanding or reliable knowledge to be confident that we can foresee the course of the economy with any precision in view of the monumental uncertainties lying ahead. When it comes to needed knowledge, for example, one reputed expert in such matters, reading a current national unemployment figure of 4 per cent concludes that there is no evidence of labor shortage. Another expert, studying specific demands for skills, concludes that the overall figure is grossly misleading, and that there are severe labor shortages. And a third finds that the figure of 4 per cent is calculated in such a way that it grossly misrepresents the total in the first place. And so it goes with the state of economic knowledge at many crucial points, as well as its interpretation.

The very uncertainty of what lies ahead for the economy is the best of reasons for having government and business working together, and not taking their traditional stance of standing off and growling at each other. This uncertainty creates one certainty. It is that government and business will have many

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new mutual problems to work out. The chance of having it done successfully and with full regard to the overriding public interest depends decisively on having a reasonable degree of mutual respect and good will. This, in turn, depends decisively on developing far better and more penetrating two-way lines of communication between government and business than have prevailed of late.

In this process of stepping up the two-way lines of communication one of the most important requirements is that of getting the government and the business community to operating on something close to the same wave length as to deciding what inflation is, and what are reasonable steps to combat it. There is no such understanding now.

Inflation is a term of different meanings, even as used by those with credentials as experts on the subject. One of the less pedagogical definitions of inflation is "too many dollars chasing too few goods." Another definition is "a persistent increase in the general level of prices" and most would add "substantial" to "persistent." Those who hold with the first definition say that the second simply reports the result of inflation, but does not define inflation itself. But a persistent and substantial increase in prices is probably the most common concept of inflation.

By reference to a variety of respectable definitions of inflation, the companies that posted metal price increases could make economically respectable arguments that the prices were not inflationary. For example, the announced increase of half a cent a pound in the price of ingot aluminum still left the price a cent a pound less than it had been four years earlier. As far as the effect of the increase in boosting prices generally was concerned, one qualified observer remarked that the federal government spends more in three days raising the prices of farm products than the half-cent price of aluminum could possibly have boosted prices generally in a year.

In the case of the price increase in structural steel, a primary justification, which the Bethlehem Steel Company belatedly got around to offering, is that, thanks to new and better steel-making technology, it is essentially a new and improved product, which does what structural steel is called upon to do at lower cost than the product it replaces. Hence a higher price for the improved product does not put upward pressure on the costs and prices of users of the new product.

In condemning the metal price increases and the New York transit wage settlement, however, Chairman Ackley used, if not a new concept of inflation, at least a new method of dealing with it. This is the system of wage-price guideposts or guidelines, the invention of which was initially announced and explained by President Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisors, headed by Walter W. Heller, in its 1962 annual report.

IN the view of the council, general price stability can be maintained in the United States if two guideposts—one for wages and the other for prices—are followed. "The general guide for noninflationary wage behavior," as prescribed by the council, "is that the rate of increase in wage rates (including fringe benefits) in each industry be equal to the national trend rate of overall productivity increase." The national trend rate is calculated by averaging the annual rate of increased productivity or output per man-hour over the previous five years. Thus the general guidepost of 3.2 per cent for wage increases in 1965 (and thus far in 1966) was the council's calculation of the average rate of increase in productivity for the period 1960-64.

To use the average of the increases in the rate of productivity for the previous five years as the trend rate again this year would result in a guidepost rate of 3.6 per cent for wage increases in 1966. This, the Council of Economic Advisors thinks, would be too high to reflect the long-term trend because the five years have been years of uninterrupted economic expansion. To the council, "it appears that the long-term trend is slightly over 3 per cent." Consequently, in its economic report for 1966, the council specifically recommends that the general guidepost for wages of 3.2 per cent be continued.

As promulgated by the council, "The general guide for noninflationary price behavior calls for price reductions if the industry's rate of productivity increase exceeds the overall rate—for this would mean declining labor costs; it calls for an appropriate increase in price if the opposite relations prevails; and it calls for stable prices if the two rates of productivity increase are equal."

The council recognizes that "to reconcile them with objectives of equity and efficiency, specific modifications must be made to adapt them [the guideposts] to the circumstances in particular industries." In the case of prices, for example, increases above those indicated by the guideposts would perhaps be necessary "in an industry in which the level of profits was insufficient to attract the capital required to finance a needed expansion; or in which costs other than labor costs had risen." In the case of wages an increase above that indicated by the guideposts may be in order "in an industry which would otherwise be unable to attract sufficient labor; or in which wages are exceptionally low."

When the guideposts were first introduced in 1962 the Council of Economic Advisors stated that it was as "a contribution to . . . discussion" of how to determine "whether a particular wage-price decision is in the public interest." And the guideposts did serve effectively to underline the basic proposition that

Something for everyone—Art in the 5 and 10, food by the basketful . . .

—Wide World.

—Sybil Shelton (Monkmeyer).

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a country that lets the general level of wages outstrip the general increase in output per man-hour is on a sure road to inflation.

By 1965, however, the wage-price guidepost system, which had been endorsed by both Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, had moved far beyond being simply the subject matter for constructive discussion. In its 1965 Economic Report the Council of Economic Advisors stated that "The guideposts are simple and straightforward, and contain an inescapable economic logic"—a logic that the Johnson Administration has recently been backing, on selected occasions, by heavy government pressure.

The calculation of increases in output per man-hour for individual industries and products is a difficult and tricky business, and many of the figures needed to test actual economic performance against what adherence to the guideposts would dictate are missing. However, there is a considerable volume of relatively reliable data that indicates that over most of the record-breaking period of economic expansion since early 1961, business wage-price performance has conformed pretty well to what the wage-price guideposts would indicate as a stable course.

While leaders of organized labor have generally condemned the wage guideposts as unreasonably restrictive of proper wage increases—a condemnation intensified by the revision of the 1966 wage guidepost—not many of them have managed to obtain wage settlements going far above the limits they have indicated as appropriate. The New York transit strike settlement is a conspicuous exception, and there are striking exceptions in the field of construction. Also in 1964 the wage increase in the automobile industry, which received the blessing of the Johnson Administration, was calculated by many to be close to 5 per cent, as opposed to an increase of not more than 3.2 per cent indicated by the wage guideposts. But the steel wage settlement, made under heavy pressure at the White House, was found by those exerting the pressure to conform to the wage guidepost formula.

In industries where productivity increases have been about the national norm—steel and textiles, for example—prices have been quite stable. In industries where the increases in productivity have been greater than the national average—those producing tires, synthetic fibers, petroleum, and plastics, as examples—prices have had some tendency to go down.

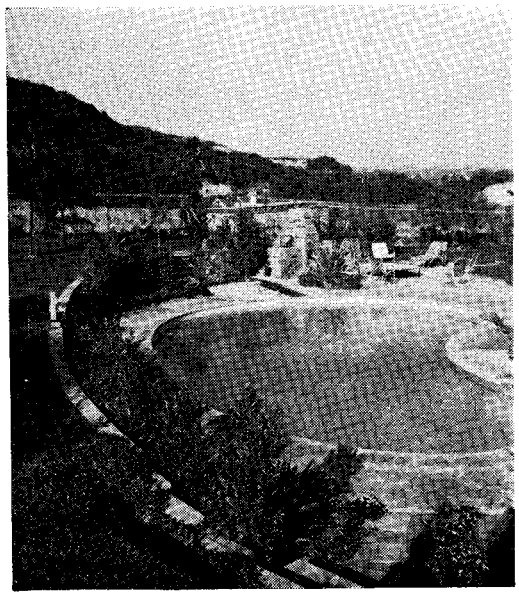
As the economy moves up toward capacity operation, however, both wages and prices will be under increasing pressure to go above the pattern indicated by the wage-price guideposts. Indeed some prices have broken out above the pattern spectacularly over the past year. The price index of processed meat, poultry, and fish, for example, is up about 18 per cent over the year, that of hides and skins is up almost 40 per cent. The index of industrial raw material prices, calculated by the federal Bureau of Labor Statistics, has gone up sharply in the last couple of months (from 115 to 120 per cent of its 1957-59 base of 100). Prices of services, which now account for more than half of the nation's total employment, have been no respecters of the guideposts in their steady ascent. The increase of about 2 per cent in the general price level over the past year is only fractionally higher than the increase of about 1.5 per cent the previous year, but the fraction is a significant indication of increasing upward pressure on prices at this juncture.

What has happened lately and is now happening on the inflation front raises sharply the question of whether or not the wage-price guidepost system is adequate to handle national requirements on this front. If it is or can somehow

—Sybil Shelton (Monkmeyer).

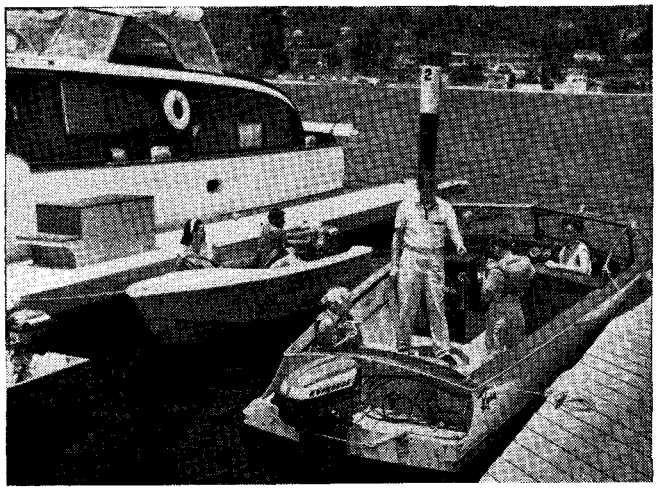
Not all the best things in life, 1960s-style, are free.

—Hoehmann (Monkmeyer).



. . . a boat at every pier, and a way for almost anyone to get almost anywhere fast.

—Sievers (Monkmeyer).



—Caraballo (Monkmeyer).

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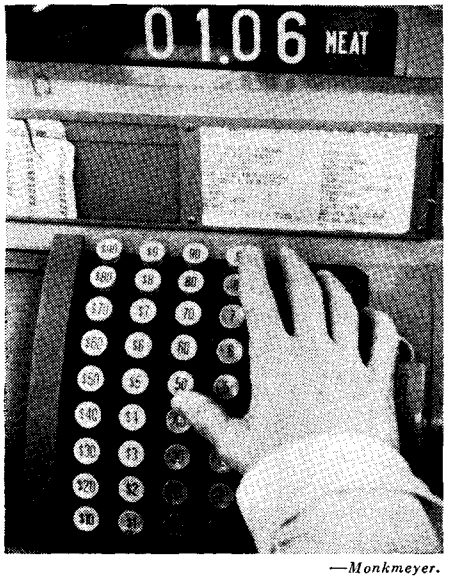
be made so, it is certainly vastly to be preferred to anything in the nature of a general system of mandatory wage and price controls, with the infinity of complexities, frustrations, and extensions of red tape that would be involved.

By one key test of adequacy, the wage-price guidepost system has failed recently. This is the test of fairness in applying what might be called governmental sanctions to obtain adherence to the guideposts. While some enterprises and organizations have raised prices sharply without feeling any weight of such sanctions, others have been subjected to heavy government pressure to cancel announced price increases in deference to the guideposts. Although any deleterious effect of such discrimination may be relatively slow in showing up because the tides of expanding prosperity are running so strongly, its ultimate effect will be destructive of business confidence.

It is easy to understand why the President's Council of Economic Advisors, with a professional staff of only sixteen, cannot review individually all wage and price increases that might breach the wage-price guidelines. It is equally easy to understand why the council chose to use metal price increases, announced by big companies in concentrated industries, as object lessons in proper respect for the guidelines—much as some campers shoot a blue jay and hang it conspicuously at the camp to warn the other jays to beware. Such a course, however, does not eliminate the essential unfairness of such a pick-and-choose procedure. The unfairness might be reduced, if not largely eliminated, by devising some system of reviewing in advance proposed wage and price increases that present the possibility of breaking the guideposts.

Beyond, but not above, the question

(*Continued on page 48*)



—*Monkmeyer.*

Sign of the times.

Who Said What in the Survey

By ALFRED BALK

IT LONG HAS BEEN fashionable to regard business and national Democratic administrations as implacable enemies. Indeed, despite extraordinary comity between business and President Johnson early in his Administration, skeptics in both camps assumed that the relationship so auspiciously begun could not last. When the President vigorously imposed guidelines that forced price rollbacks in several basic industries, accompanied by heavy pressure to alter or delay the Federal Reserve's increase in the discount rate, cynics' suspicions seemed confirmed.

What has been the effect of such acts on business's confidence in Presidential leadership? What are the economic implications of ascending military commitments in Vietnam, combined with Great Society social programs? What policies should the Administration pursue, and how can government and business order their relationship to assure continued growth and stability?

These and related issues were the subject of a special *SR* survey of prominent economists and business and financial leaders. Among them were top executives of large and powerful banks, investment houses, utilities, business associations, and auto, transportation, steel, electrical, and other manufacturing and merchandising firms.

The object was not only to ascertain the state of business confidence in government economic policies, but to contribute to constructive discussion of ways of maintaining present prosperity.

Several findings were particularly striking (see accompanying box). One was that, despite the shocks occasioned by "hard-line" Presidential acts, these apparently had only scattered and transitory effects on overall business rapport with the Administration. As Norton Simon, chairman of the Finance Committee of Hunt Foods and Industries, Inc., put it, "Government policy creates the atmosphere in which business operates, but in an economy where the economic decisions are still largely individual and independent, no one man can 'lead' the economy. I remain as convinced as I ever was that Johnson understands the partnership nature of business-government relationships, and there appears to be a growing awareness among men of influence in the business community that government 'influence' of the economy is philosophically defensible when it creates a corresponding obligation on the part of government to act responsibly toward business."

Answers to some of the questions about specific economic policies being followed by the Johnson Administration reflected less confidence, however. The overwhelming majority were out of sympathy with the President's public position on the Federal Reserve Board's action (94 per cent endorsed a discount rate increase). Yet, significantly, none stated the belief that the President had been able—or, based on his conduct to date, genuinely intended—to undermine the board's statutory position, and the intricate balance of which it is a part. "Not only was the Federal Reserve right," one top executive declared, "but the fact that its action said clearly that it intends to remain independent of the Executive branch is reassuring."

Opinion about the viability of controversial wage-price guidelines was split. But the consensus was that, despite shortcomings of the guideline system, it is, for now, infinitely preferable to the next-high progression: piecemeal or across-the-board wage-price controls—both of which necessarily are most inhibiting to market forces and economic growth. A reservation of Leo Cherne, executive director of the Research Institute of America, echoed many respondents' views when he said: "Guideposts must be accepted by labor as well as business if they are to continue to have substantial meaning and effectiveness. The New York City transit strike did illuminate some of the problems here."

Respondents were hesitant to venture into the economic unknown posed by a possible doubling of the U.S. troop commitment in Vietnam. Both stiffer monetary and credit controls and a combination of measures, including higher taxes, received some support (see box). But only 15 per cent specifically advocated curtailing Great Society social programs—powerful testimony to their status as ideas whose time has come. A number of respondents, in fact, explicitly opposed curtailment. As Warren S. Titus, president of P & O-Orient Lines, Inc., put it: "I agree with the statement contained in the President's recent speech to the effect that our strength abroad depends to a large degree on our strength at home, and I feel it is essential to maintain our civilian peacetime programs."

Noteworthy, too, was the growing sense of social responsibility evidenced

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in endorsement of greater business participation in and contribution to five designated Great Society goals, including racial integration of work forces and reduction of air and water pollution.

"They [business firms] certainly can all do more," said Joseph L. Block, chairman of Inland Steel Company, "and gains in these areas will certainly help benefit the economy in the long run and, consequently, their own interests."

In sum, the survey left the hopeful impression that, despite disagreements and strains, business remains basically confident of its ability to work with government in the national interest—and hence its own. But in the twilight of uncertainty about Vietnam, even more demanding and difficult challenges, requiring deeper patience and understanding from both partners, clearly lie ahead.

Other comments (elaboration on answers was optional) appended to survey questionaires included:

President Johnson

GROVER W. ENSLEY (executive vice president, National Association of Mutual Savings Banks): On the basis of current performance, the caliber of the Administration's professional economic team, and the Johnson determination to meet the new tests of prosperity, my confidence in the Administration has not declined.

COURTNEY BROWN (dean, Columbia University Graduate School of Business): President Johnson as a leader has not changed. The circumstances in which he is functioning have changed.

Federal Reserve

GERHARD COLM (chief economist, National Planning Association): I approve the measure as such but found the timing and procedure unfortunate.

JAMES J. O'LEARY (director, Economic Research, Life Insurance Institute of America): If the ceiling rate on time deposits had not been raised, it is possible that a bank crisis would have been precipitated by the outflow of time deposits into other interest-bearing investments.

HENRY C. WALLICH (professor of economics, Yale University): The hullabaloo was entirely unjustified both in terms of the importance of the action and its timeliness. The action cannot be expected to have more than a very mild effect. The rapid escalation of GNP forecasts since the action was taken, from a standard forecast of perhaps $713 billion to one of $720 to $725 billion, confirms the foresight of the Federal Reserve.

NORTON SIMON (chairman of the Finance Committee, Hunt Foods and Industries, Inc.): It is far from conclusive

(*Continued on page* 69)

Government and the Boom

An Exclusive *SR* Sampling of Executive Opinion

1. Has your confidence in the Johnson Administration as the leader of our national economy changed recently?

Increased (3%) Decreased (21%) Unchanged (72%) Undecided (3%)

2. If the war in Vietnam does not escalate to a manpower commitment of more than 250,000 troops, will the guidepost system continue to provide an adequate framework of reference for the government in seeking to maintain economic stability and prosperity?

Yes (48%) No (45%) Undecided (3%)

3. If the war in Vietnam does not escalate to a manpower commitment of more than 250,000 troops, should compliance with the guideposts continue to be voluntary or should the federal government use more than the pressure of persuasion to enforce compliance?

Remain voluntary (85%) More than persuasion (3%) Undecided (3%)

4. If the war in Vietnam should escalate to a manpower commitment as high as 400,000 troops, would you favor 1) across-the-board, direct controls of prices, wages, consumer credit, materials, etc.; 2) piece-by-piece control of the economy as specific situations warrant, or the present guidepost system; 3) stiffening of money and credit controls; or 4) some combination of these measures?

1. (3%) 2. (15%) 3. (39%) 4. (36%)

5. If the war in Vietnam should escalate to a manpower commitment as high as 400,000 troops, would you favor seeing the funds needed to meet these increased expenditures raised by 1) curtailing to the maximum possible all civilian, peacetime programs of the federal government, including the newly enacted commitments to the Great Society; 2) federal borrowing and deficit financing; 3) increased taxation; 4) some combination of these measures; or 5) other measures?

1. (15%) 2. (0) 3. (36%) 4. (48%) 5. (3%)

6. Do you approve or disapprove the recent decision of the Federal Reserve to increase the prime discount rate and authorize increases in the interest paid on time and savings deposits?

Approve (94%) Disapprove (3%) Undecided (3%)

7. Do you think the present budgetary and financial policies of the federal government, which are expected to result in a federal deficit of $5 to $10 billion for the 1966 fiscal year, are serving the best interests of continued stability and prosperity in our national economy?

Yes (24%) No (48%) Undecided (15%)

8. Do you think that U.S. business firms operating within their traditional framework as profit-making enterprises could do more to advance the goals of the Great Society than they are doing? For example in

Supporting better education (57%); alleviating poverty (36%); fighting air and water pollution (64%); beautifying America (45%); or integrating Negro and other minorities into their work forces? (64%).

(Note: Where not all participants selected an answer, percentages do not total 100.)

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Just Right

THE MAN opposite me in the lounge compartment of the airplane was discussing the war in Vietnam. It was important, he said, to keep the fighting from running the serious risk of a direct clash with Communist China. He identified himself as a stockbroker and said that anything approaching an atomic war would crack the market. Business knows no nation could survive nuclear war, he said. At the same time, he was concerned about the possibility that the fighting in Vietnam might come to a sudden end. That, too, would have a negative effect on the market—not so severe, of course, as a nuclear war, but severe enough to cause a reduction and curtailment of war orders, with a resultant sharp sell-off. The present level of fighting, he thought, was just right—not steep enough to risk nuclear war but deep enough to maintain the present level of government defense spending and feed the present industrial boom.

Several days later the afternoon newspapers ran headlines about peace feelers from North Vietnam that were conveyed through India. The final editions carried related stories saying that stock prices at first tumbled in response to the peace scare but then rallied near the closing as later news disclosed that the "feelers" were not of recent date and had already been discounted. Thus reassured, investors returned to the buying side.

My fellow airplane-traveler was not unique. The nation may have accustomed itself to a just-right war. Vietnam has been metabolized into the national economy. Consciously, very few Americans would vote against ending the war in Vietnam on the grounds that continuation of the war was good for the economy at home. But on the subconscious level, where values first take shape and decisions begin, we may have adjusted too easily to the fact that the Vietnam war has become an important prop of the current prosperity. The reality of such an adjustment hasn't offended us or gnawed at us.

Some people, thus confronted, would doubtless say that we have to take things as we find them. They would say that the Vietnam war is bound to require a higher level of defense spending than otherwise, serving as a stimulus to the entire economy; they might add that it is unreasonable to expect anyone to shun the indirect benefits of that combination of circumstances. Quite so; but the issue here is not whether individuals should renounce their portion of war prosperity. The issue is whether the American people may lack a burning compulsion to put an end to war—not just the Vietnam war but war in general—because they have been able to make the adjustment, an adjustment that involves relatively little pain and that indeed is linked in their view to a booming economy.

There is no point in talking about the need to avoid military humiliation or defeat in Vietnam. The idea of a just-right war is itself a national disaster. How does anyone determine a just-right way for a soldier or a civilian to die from the sudden eruption of TNT or fire? How many casualties are just right when announced in the morning newspapers alongside stories about officials deploring rising prices?

Our eyes are fixed on the wrong things. We are looking at the prosperity indices instead of the coffins returning from the war front. We are listening to the stock ticker instead of the heartbeats of frightened people cowering in their crude underground pits against the mounting sounds of oncoming war.

There was a time, only a few weeks ago, when a thin thread of hope was being delicately woven out of the wild infinity of loose ends in Vietnam. The United States had suspended its aerial bombing; the Christmas cease-fire led to a Buddhist-holiday cease-fire of slightly longer duration. The severity of the ground fighting had diminished somewhat. There was talk of reciprocal de-escalation. The expeditions to foreign places of Vice President Humphrey, Ambassador Goldberg, and Ambassador Harriman gave dramatic world focus to the President's desire to find a way of ending the fighting in Vietnam.

But then, abruptly, the thread snapped. The bombing was resumed. On both sides the ground fighting took a sharp climb. Thousands more soldiers were pressed into battle. Civilian casualties began to mount again.

No one knows what course the war will take. One thing, however, is certain. A just-right war cannot be kept in bounds. The American people will find no answers to Vietnam unless they start asking the right questions. And questions are the result not just of curiosity but of values and basic approaches to life. When, therefore, the American people get both Vietnam and their historic values into focus, a vital mood will be created in which constructive possibilities will come to life. We will not drift into such a mood. It can only come into being through awareness and conviction.

—N.C.

I Am

By Tony Bove

I AM always afraid of your sight reading;
I want to know what you know by heart.
(Any thin boy can turn the pages)
Any thin boy can turn on the light
In a dark room full of loud furniture.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Scale of Values

THE EXCELLENT EDITORIAL "Of Bombs and Bruises" [*SR*, Feb. 19] drew attention to a situation which I am sure is little realized, if at all, by those who have never visited or lived in the countries of Asia.

I am reminded of the advice I received from a Britisher in Ceylon back in 1920 when he delivered a car in which my wife and I were to embark on a limited tour of the island. It related to the hazards of the road, including a caution to beware of elephants on the roads after dark, but dealt mainly with the chance of accidents due to the throngs of people who walk the highways by day. He said that should I be so unfortunate as to kill a native, it would be troublesome but that it was generally accepted that a payment of 300 rupees would take care of the matter. . . .

INNES RANDOLPH.

Stamford, Conn.

The President's Plan

WITH REGARD to President Johnson's proposal that members of the House of Representatives be elected in Presidential election years for four-year terms, I believe the Congress should consider carefully the views expressed in your editorial of January 29 by Richard L. Tobin. In brief, the President's proposal would radically alter the system of checks and balances set up by the Founding Fathers, and dangerously decrease the sensitivity of the federal government to the political and economic opinions of the common people. On the other hand, the President's arguments that the four-year term would attract a higher quality of man to public life and increase the efficiency of legislators also deserves consideration.

I wish to point out a procedure which to a considerable degree would combine the best features of the present system and that proposed by the President. In each Presidential election year (divisible by four) one-half of the house would be elected for four-year terms, while the remaining half would be elected in the off-year elections (years divisible by two but not by four) for four-year terms also. This system of overlapping terms is similar to that of the Senate, one-third of which is elected for six-year terms every two years. It would have the advantage of leaving the political complexion of the House reasonably sensitive to the will of the people, while minimizing the probability of an off-year House so opposed to the President that the government would be unable to operate effectively.

WILLIAM J. TAYLOR.

Columbus, O.

Take That!

I WAS RATHER SURPRISED to read Robert Lewis Shayon's review of the *Batman* series [*SR*, Feb. 12]. He implied that ABC was putting one over on everyone (all the way to the bank). I would remind Mr. Shayon that *Batman* is entertainment and makes no pretensions to "culture" (thank goodness).

"Now that you know you're only number two, maybe you'll try harder."

I would say that *Batman* is a kids' show, as evidenced by its early-evening time spot, but that it has great appeal for all ages. Actually it is a mere updating of the old *Lone Ranger* series. Both shows feature a masked crime fighter and both are pleasantly devoid of killing and violence. The Lone Ranger usually shot the gun from his opponent's hand rather than shoot his opponent, while Batman prefers to outwit his villains in a highly entertaining way.

Mr. Shayon's most grievous misconception was this comment: "The viewer, his own identity dissolving in the real, awesome, automated, nuclear world, recognizes that it is the live actor playing Batman who has been turned into a thing, an instrument, a device." Mr. Shayon has obviously been reviewing too many Bond movies or perhaps himself finds the world of Batman awesome (not to mention the Lone Ranger). I drive a school bus part-time and even the kindergarteners are fully aware of the caricature and good clean comedy in *Batman*. Bruce Wayne is not a thing. He is a kind, honest man, though seemingly naïve. Mr. Shayon apparently dislikes the obvious. Comedy, and the best comedy, is not only divorced from realism but makes few pretensions to it. Perhaps Mr. Shayon would be happier watching *Long Hot Summer* or *The Fugitive*. Their worlds are awesome. I willingly suspend my disbelief for Batman!

ROBERT DALSEMER, '66,
Wesleyan University.

Middletown, Conn.

Ciardi Not Camp?

RUMBLINGS THAT Ciardi is not camp among young thinkers have been heard in Washington-area universities, but I had not taken them too seriously until I read his February 12 column. Surely he is using the thesis of Cox's *Secular City*—the privacy in urban life—almost like a personalized, warmed-over leftover. There is no recognition of the work or the more than 100,000 persons who are currently reading and discussing Cox.

I convey this reaction in the hope of urging more social reality and with the belief that a great poet must live in the present to the full. Indeed, we need John Ciardi. I admire many facets of his writing. But couldn't he have a small advisory committee of a few younger men of this world, at least for a sounding board, before he tosses out old-hat ideas that weaken his impact in stronger work?

MARTHA MENDENHALL.

Alexandria, Va.

Conserving Polish Culture

MANY THANKS for your fine and interesting words in John G. Fuller's TRADE WINDS about the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences [*SR*, Feb. 5]. It is good to read that despite all the fiendish efforts that were made by Germany to wipe out Polish culture, such a group can carry on its valuable work in our free United States.

JOHN KAZMIERSKI.

Fort Lee, N.J.

Israel's Art

KATHARINE KUH in her article "The Art that History Shaped" [*SR*, Jan. 29] correctly remarks that most Israeli architects have yet to learn the lesson of "the humble cubist architectures of Arab villages . . . whose pure geometric structures, clear and una-

(*Continued on page* 49)

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Tenor from Spain, Orchestra from New Orleans

PERFORMERS of the Duke in *Rigoletto* have, traditionally, been Italian (when they have not been American or, perhaps, Irish) tenors. However, there is also a line of Spanish succession, and it is that one to which Alfredo Kraus, the Metropolitan's latest, belongs. He is, against all the implications of the name, not only Spanish-born (in the Canary Islands) but also largely Spanish-trained.

In his ten years of operatic campaigning on the Continent and in this country (particularly Chicago), Kraus has acquired a reputation for good looks, a limber voice, and a flair for higher top notes than the average tenor cares to risk. All of these are in the tradition of such Spanish predecessors as Constantino and Lazaro, both of whom performed the part in this same house. The question, always, is: How will the voice measure up to requirements of the theater? So far as *Rigoletto* is concerned, one need not wait long for the answer: "*Questa o quella*" occurs almost as soon as the curtain goes up, and Kraus's version left little doubt that he could be heard. His is not a "big" voice by any means, but it is free and forward in its production, strongly supported, and always gratifying to the ear.

The most hopeful sign for his vocal future was the general fluency of his performance, coupled with a youthful presence and a figure slim enough to suggest a Prince who is having an enjoyable time being dissolute rather than already paying the price for it. He did not always accomplish what he set out to do in phrasing and dynamics, but the tokens of intention (such as a real pianissimo in "*Parmi, veder*") were all honorable ones.

In addition to the stimulus of so capable a new performer in a prominent part, this *Rigoletto* (the first in several seasons) benefited immeasurably from the sure-handed conducting of Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. In a way, this was even more testimony to his skill than the *Ballo* in which he had been introduced a week or so ago, for "everybody" does *Rigoletto*, after a fashion. M-P's fashion was decidedly Verdian, with nothing slighted and nothing overstressed, rather quicker than usual tempi at some points, and the orchestra always a strong line of support for the singers rather than merely an accompaniment. Roberta Peters's Gilda was broader, stronger in sound than when it was last heard, but clean and accurate in its florid detail. Credit also goes to Cornell MacNeil for a robust Rigoletto, vocally, and a dramatic effort that comes closer to a characterization than anything else he does. In smaller roles, Raymond Michalski (Monterone), John Macurdy (Sparafucile), and Ruza Pospinov (in her debut, as Maddalena) were above the vocal average.

If Kraus gives promise of providing sturdy service in a category of singer that rarely finds an opera company oversupplied, Carlo Bergonzi has already "arrived" when he is coupled with a role suited to his range and power, such as Andrea Chénier. In his most recent appearance, Bergonzi made the ringing kind of sound Giordano requires, without abusing the range of effect called lyric. His *Improvviso* stimulated thoughts of such an effort as Gigli's (even, unfortunately, to the same kind of statuesque immobility in place of acting), and, with Renata Tebaldi as Maddalena, made something of a vocal fancier's delight of the duet in Act II. It was also an excellent evening for Sherrill Milnes, the young American baritone, who added Gérard to the list of roles for which he has shown not merely vocal aptitude but an uncommon sense of characterization. As the Countess di Coigny, Gladys Kriese lent a lustre of style to a part that does not always have it. Lamberto Gardelli's conducting was to the advantage of all concerned—composer, singers, and audience.

A substantial part of the credit for the quality results achieved by the New Orleans Philharmonic at its first performance in Carnegie Hall could be—indeed, should be—attributed to the energy, application, and sheer musical persuasion exerted by its conductor, Werner Torkanowsky. Unlike some older, more securely grounded organizations where a level of quality persists whoever the conductor may be, an orchestra of this one's category (restricted budget, changing panorama of personnel) only plays as well as it is made to play.

Thus the swing and zest with which it performed the fast movements of Dvorak's D-major symphony (long described as No. 1, but now identified as No. 6) and the care with which it sang out the long melodic line of the Adagio were a measure of the musicianship imposed on it by Torkanowsky. A former orchestral musician himself, Torkanowsky tends to the functional rather than the fastidious in his sign language, but what it may lack in neatness it atones for in effectiveness. In a certain respect, the orchestra was playing even better than it sounded, for the excellent unity of string performance was only partially productive of the vibrant quality wanted. This is a subtle but indisputable by-product of the instruments on which the players perform, which in turn is related to the economic stratum the orchestra occupies (but does not, by any means, enjoy).

Torkanowsky's affinity for contemporary composition was demonstrated on this program by the sharply defined, well-controlled performance of Luigi Nono's *Memento (Epitaph No. 3)*, which had not been heard in New York previously. A rather scrappy, discontinuous musical texture, which makes much of its effect through the chanting (by a mixed chorus) and the recitation (on sing-song pitches) of a text drawn from Garcia Lorca, it might be described as a tonal "documentary," a sound track for a nonexistent film. The failure to document its purpose with a printed text (either Spanish or English) was serious but not fatal, thanks to the heated response of the performers (especially the Tulane-Newcomb A Capella Choir and its young narrator, Maria Varela) to Torkanowsky's leadership. The full evening also included Ravel's G-major concerto, for which David Bar-Illan was a fluent, well-equipped soloist, and Strauss's *Death and Transfiguration*.

YOUNG Peter Serkin had something rarer than riches to show for his recent performance in Carnegie Hall with the Cleveland Orchestra. That was a kiss on the forehead from George Szell at the end of their performance of the G-major (No. 17) concerto of Mozart. As Szell's reputation as an old softie is of relatively recent origin (it was born, indeed, with this gesture), the conclusion would have to be that the impulse emerged from the rarest kind of provocation—a performance with which he was really pleased.

In the circumstances, it was hardly surprising, for Serkin II's Mozart was not only thoughtful and cultivated, but as much a part of a total result as the three wind players whom Szell invited to share the applause of the audience. Now and then the thought quotient seemed to usurp spontaneity, as though the soloist believed that playing Mozart is not merely a serious but a solemn business; how learning can be tempered by lightness was demonstrated by Szell a little earlier, in a miraculous performance of the *Schauspieldirektor* overture. Among the 600-odd entries in the Köchel catalogue it is a relative trifle, but one to which Szell applied just the touch of orchestral elixir to make it compellingly, irresistibly alive.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Mother of the Accused

LAST May one of our better writers of fiction, Jean Stafford, went to Dallas to spend three days interviewing Mrs. Marguerite Oswald, mother of the man accused of shooting President Kennedy. Her report, parts of which appeared in *McCall's* magazine, is now published in book form, entitled *A Mother in History* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.95). The name comes from a phrase Mrs. Oswald was fond of using.

The first question one asks is why Miss Stafford undertook this task, and the answer becomes clear only in the epilogue. On November 23, 1963, alone in her New York City apartment, she by chance turned on the radio, to hear the first reports of the assassination. Immediately she tried to reach her husband, A. J. Liebling, at *The New Yorker*, but the lines were jammed. Within half an hour, she says, the streets were deserted. When she finally reached Liebling, his voice was despairing. "I think I had counted on him," she writes, "to tell me that the news I'd heard on the radio wasn't true, that it was some monstrous hoax, and that a whole world of possibility still lay open to Kennedy." But there was no such relief for her—or for anyone else.

No disaster in my lifetime has dismayed so many people. To millions of Americans the death of Franklin Roosevelt was a stunning blow, much like the death of one's father; but Roosevelt had lived his life, rendered his service, and established as secure a place in history as anyone is likely to have. What was so tragic about Kennedy's death was, as Miss Stafford says, that for him there was still "a whole world of possibility." What I said to myself again and again, as one who had voted for him but had watched his career with a mixture of admiration and apprehension, was, "Now we'll never know whether or not he would have made a Great President." It was the sense of possible but as yet unproven greatness that made his death so distressing.

Because of her feeling about Kennedy's death, I gather, Miss Stafford was interested in Mrs. Oswald. She writes: "If we accept (as I do) the premise that her son had something to do with the assassination and accept the further premise that the child is father to the man: we need to know the influences and accidents and loves and antipathies and idiosyncrasies that were the ingredients making up the final compound." So far as facts are concerned, she learned very little; but she saw Mrs. Oswald, and she makes us see her.

The search for facts was hopeless, for Mrs. Oswald not only refused to answer but never even heard questions; she made speeches. "Her voice," Miss Stafford reports, "had a considerable histrionic range; in a moment's time, she could shift her tone from resignation to irony, from sonorous patriotism to personal indignation, but at all times a central intelligence was at the controls, regulating the pitch and volume as she entered the successive roles of mother, citizen, widow, public figure. There was a suggestion of elocution lessons, nearly forgotten but learned well, long ago: and there was more than a suggestion of rehearsal and past performance—she spoke almost always in complete sentences, she was never visibly caught off guard."

Whatever else concerned Mrs. Oswald, consistency did not. "I can absolutely prove my son innocent," she said again and again. But if Lee Harvey Oswald did kill the President, she went on, that did not "make him a louse." "As we all know, President Kennedy was a dying man. So I say it is possible that my son was chosen to shoot him in a mercy killing for the security of the country. And if this is true, it was a fine thing to do and my son is a hero." To this idea, that Oswald may have been an agent of the secret service, doing what he did under official direction, Mrs. Oswald reverted again and again. But just as often and just as vehemently she insisted that he had nothing to do with the murder.

Miss Stafford interviewed Mrs. Oswald in the latter's modest but well-kept home in Dallas. Mrs. Oswald was not merely agreeable but hospitable, interrupting her opening tirade to offer her guest a cup of coffee. ("The drinking of coffee in Texas," Miss Stafford observes parenthetically, "is almost as involuntary as respiration.") While she made the coffee Mrs. Oswald continued her lecture, pausing to add, "with her sociable smile," "Do you take cream and sugar, sweetheart?" By the third day she was suggesting that Miss Stafford should rent the unoccupied half of her house, so that they could collaborate on various projected books about the assassination and make a lot of money.

These three interviews were an extraordinary experience for Miss Stafford, and, though she rightly lets Mrs. Oswald stand in the middle of the stage and

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speak her piece, she does not conceal from the reader her own states of mind, her bewilderment, amusement, and helplessness. She could, it is clear, have written a very funny book, but she had too acute a sense of the seriousness of the issues involved to do it. Fortunately, however, she does not bury all the humor but gently underlines some of Mrs. Oswald's absurdities. Perhaps the biggest joke of all is the fact that the interviewer was so completely at the mercy of the interviewed: "My brains were scrambled eggs," Miss Stafford reports on the third day, the day on which she accompanied Mrs. Oswald to her son's grave.

Although Mrs. Oswald, as seen in this book, is as grotesque a character as one can find in Miss Stafford's fiction or almost anyone else's, I have known women a good bit like her—energetic, efficient in small matters, capable of great devotion to a cause, and infinitely resourceful in self-justification. Such women, if you don't listen carefully to what they are saying, seem to be making sense, and if you do listen carefully and point out their inconsistencies, they pay no attention to you. These women can make themselves believe anything they want to believe, and if you aren't careful they'll make you believe it too.

Whatever else may be true of Mrs. Oswald, she could not have had a stabilizing influence on her children. Only a psychologist with a vast amount of information at his disposal could say for certain what the connection was between Lee Harvey Oswald's upbringing and his crime. Miss Stafford doesn't pretend to have done anything like that, but she has given us an unforgettable picture of what is (I'm afraid) an unforgettable woman.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1178

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1178 will be found in the next issue.

U ABWT BW LCFKWR FW XC-EYZC FKC ZCMCHP WV NHR WZ WNBWJUWYX PHTX XW CVVCE-FUIC HX FKCUZ XFZUBOCBF CJC-EYFUWB. —Y. X. OZHBF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1177

It is a principle of human nature to hate those whom you have injured.

—Tacitus.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Influence of the Rector

I read Granville Hicks's review of Louis Auchincloss's *The Embezzler* [*SR*, Feb. 5] with interest. I thought the review was a poor one. One of the comments was that *The Rector of Justin* was about an aged headmaster of a fashionable preparatory school and was remote from the everyday problems of today.

I wonder whether Mr. Hicks is aware how many educators and teachers have read this book and have been affected by it in their relationships with their pupils; of how many mothers and fathers who have been to preparatory schools have given the story attention and have thought of the implications, the advantages, the disadvantages that their sons and daughters are subjected to; of how many students in all schools and colleges have read the book and what effect it has on them. . . .

Arnold D. Kates.

New York, N.Y.

Invisible Man

Truman Capote got two million and his heroes got the rope. This conspicuous irony has not (to my knowledge) been shown in any assessment of *In Cold Blood* [*SR*, Jan. 15]. That book, for all practical purposes, was completed before the deaths of Smith and Hickock; yet, had they not died, there would have *been* no book. The author surely realized this, although within his pages it is stated that fifty thousand might have saved them—that only the poor must hang. . . .

Now I am suggesting no irresponsibility on the part of Capote other than as a writer: I am less concerned with ethics than with art. Certainly his reportage engrossed and scared me (as does Agatha Christie), and certainly he presented as good a case against capital punishment as Camus, say, or Koestler. But something rang false—or, rather, didn't ring at all. And his claim to an unprecedented art form gives cause for wonder.

For me an artist must, at any cost, expose himself: be vulnerable. Yet Capote the man, in his recent work, is invisible. Could it be that—like the Ortolan-eaters so admirably depicted in Janet Flanner's recent *Paris Journal*—he is hiding his head in shame?

Ned Rorem.

Salt Lake City, Utah

Granville Hicks's review of *In Cold Blood* ends where it should have begun. I . . . felt cheated by the final sentence: "I will point out, however, that although this is a very, very good book, *Crime and Punishment* is a great one."

Since we'll all end up reading *In Cold Blood* or seeing the movie, we hardly need reviews that merely quote, summarize, and praise. There are plenty of those on the market. What we want is a critic to discuss its place in the world of literature, and Granville Hicks is our man. In spite of encomiums ("highly successful," "subtle," "fascinating," "extraordinary skill") he indicates in his closing sentence that he has judged the book by some higher standards and found it wanting.

I will point out, however, that, until Mr. Hicks will tell us what these standards are, he will remain a very, very good critic, but not a great one.

Barbara George.

Putney, Vt.

Accusations

I should like to express to you my displeasure over the fact that you have seen fit to publish the review by Mr. Franz Schoenberner on Ernst Nolte's *Three Faces of Fascism* [*SR*, Feb. 5]. The reviewer's insinuations, backed up by out-of-context quotations, violate the ethical and professional standards of scholarship, to which I should think you consider yourself committed.

Quite apart from this question, the book is one of the most challenging and controversial works in the field of contemporary history. I would have hoped that Mr. Schoenberner had addressed himself, however critically, to its substance. . . .

Professor Nolte is one of the young European intellectuals who deserves our courtesy and respect.

K. von Klemperer.

Northampton, Mass.

By Force of Numbers

In agreement with Erin Evans's letter in *SR* Jan. 15, I too am concerned with "why is 'She writes like a man' the highest bit of praise that can be accorded" a woman writer. And this same deplorable condition is true in all the fine arts as well as all other intellectual fields. But the fact is, the arts were mainly established by men. Men have always been actively involved in them in greater numbers than women; hence it is not surprising that they set the form and the standards. . . .

Martha Alf.

San Diego, Calif.

Unfamiliar Locale?

Your subheading of Daniel Stern's review of James T. Farrell's *Lonely for the Future* [*SR*, Jan. 22] says, "returns to the author's familiar locale of Chicago in the 1930s." Mr. Farrell's new novel is set in the 1920s. None of his novels are set in the 1930s with the exception of the *Bernard Clare* trilogy and the last novel of the *Studs Lonigan* trilogy.

Mel Cebulash.

Maywood, N.J.

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Days of Roses Followed by Rain

AROUND Shubert Alley, and along Publishers' Row, too, it's generally agreed that a theatrical man writing his autobiography can be too honest for his own good, especially when he is being candid about himself. In fact, he can find himself in quite a bind. If he's one of Nature's Noblemen and either says so or is fatuously modest about it, he is a bore who is already nominating himself for a niche in heaven. If he's a flamboyant though successful jerk and sort of proud of it, he remains—well, a jerk.

But if he's an Elliott Nugent, then he's something else again, which is to say, a gifted man who is also a gentleman with a history of plenty of troubles that he attributes only to himself.

In the profession he has followed these many years—*i.e.*, entertaining the public as actor, author, producer, director—there are not so very many, I venture to state, who would begin their reminiscences as forthrightly as this: "The idea of writing the story of my life occurred to me in the spring of 1953, when I was spending two months in a mental hospital."

That certain of his more reticent contemporaries never had occasion to be thus confined is beside the point. Even those who should have been but were not, would or could not have confided in their readers this way—or, if they had done so, would not have been likely to win the readers' friendship as gracefully as Mr. Nugent does in this admirable and frequently moving chronicle. It certainly helps, doesn't it, when a memoir-writing actor is also a professional writer?

A hypo-manic-depressive cycle was Mr. Nugent's problem, induced by the sort of frantic overwork to which he was given, and which finally caught up with him; that, and a penchant for the deceptively soothing ministrations of J. Barleycorn. But all that lay far ahead of the boy whose early days he describes with such charm in the opening passages of *Events Leading Up to the Comedy* (Trident, $4.95). Right from the start he was a fortunate one, being the son of two fine old-line players, J.C. and Grace Nugent, repertory actors, and, later, vaudevillians. Soon the elder Nugents' offspring was touring with them and, aged four, was making his début at the Orpheum Theater in Los Angeles, which launched him as "Master Elliott, the Boy Monologist." Seventy-five dollars a week was his salary—a good deal more than some grown-up actors today are worth, if my opinion interests you. The stage children with whom he consorted were also off and running, among them Fred and Adele Astaire, Marilyn Miller, Buster Keaton.

All this is by way of saying that, from the very first, Mr. Nugent moved in theatrical circles stamped with that ineffable show business quality known as Class. Just the same, his wise, rugged old father, J.C., was determined that this would be an *educated* actor, a decision that led to Ohio State University and a firm, rewarding friendship with a classmate and fellow Ohioan, Jim Thurber. The Nugent luck was still running strong then and when he landed his first major theatrical job in 1919, without too much effort, in support of the lovely Patricia Collinge in a touring comedy. He even sold a short story to the Mencken-Nathan *Smart Set*, where it appeared in the same issue with a not unknown one by W. Somerset Maugham, called "Miss Thompson," which merely went on to become the play entitled *Rain*. Everything, as the saying did not go then, was coming up roses for the young man from Ohio.

As the autobiographer looked back across the years he must have had a lot of fun recalling all this success, which included a Hollywood stretch at $1,500 a week when that meant a lot (and wouldn't be so bad now, for that matter). Even when the 1929 crash struck, the elder and younger Nugents took it in stride.

So the sky was his only limit, you would have said, particularly after the première of that resounding and memorable hit *The Male Animal*, by himself and Thurber, in which Mr. Nugent found himself playing the leading role only because another actor had walked out on it during the tryout. As one can see in retrospect it was a lucky break, if not for Mr. Nugent, who didn't seem to need any more lucky breaks, then most certainly for the rest of us. The play was even better, I think, than its co-author gives the readers of his book to understand.

And that is one of the happy aspects of a theatrical autobiography like this, the way it restores a shining evening in a playhouse, turning the calendar back to day-before-yesterday, so that it's 1939 and *The Male Animal* again, or 1944 and *The Voice of the Turtle*, and all those faces and voices are clear and vibrant as in their springtime—Leon Ames and Ruth Matteson, Margaret Sullavan and Katharine Hepburn.

Who, then, from the outside, would have guessed that the all-conquering Elliott Nugent was in trouble? A case of glaucoma understandably frightened him. He toyed with the idea of suicide, and came close to the act. The bottle beckoned. To a California state trooper who threatened to arrest him for being drunk and abusive in a public place he said, "You wouldn't have the nerve, you son-of-a-bitch." He came out on the short end of that encounter. Sanitariums in Hartford and White Plains, and two hospitals in New York, had him as their guest. So did some small jails in California.

Whatever had happened inside him, it wasn't the arrogance of success and the softness it so often results in. This particular success had simply worked too hard and was paying the penalty, a predicament not envisaged in, for instance, the McGuffey Readers and other aphoristic works.

But presently he was recovering: old troupers, like old prizefighters, don't stay on the floor if they can help it. So here is Mr. Nugent again, still writing and directing for the stage and also for television, and being his amiable self. When he senses one of the old dark times impending, he heads off for the Institute of Living in Hartford and stays there awhile until he stops being either overactive or depressed. He is, he tells us, happy, hopeful, and watchful. He deserves to be, not because he is a theater name that will be one with Garrick and the Barrymores, but because in his profession he has made a lot of people happy and as a writer he has produced a book that will help many and entertain others who admire a man who doesn't feel sorry for himself. His eight grandchildren, when they are old enough to read and understand his story, will see that the old gentleman was quite a fellow, on stage and off.

—JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

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He Helped Make This Small World

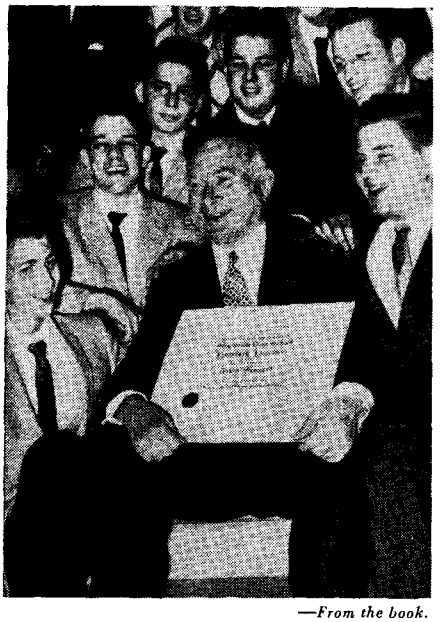
David Sarnoff: A Biography, *by Eugene Lyons (Harper & Row. 372 pp. $6.95), reveals the impact on our age of a man born in poverty whose great gift has been to visualize and implement the potentialities of not only his own inventions but those of others in the field of electronics and communications. Paul G. Hoffman is administrator of the United Nations Development Programme.*

By PAUL G. HOFFMAN

EUGENE LYONS's biography of David Sarnoff is much more than a personal record. It is the story of an era, an era in which more change took place in the lives of the people on this planet than in the previous 1,000 years. It should be read by everyone—by those who have followed General Sarnoff's career and particularly by those who are starting on their own careers. If it is the ambition of these younger people to make a fortune, they will learn "how to succeed without really trying" because General Sarnoff was not much interested in making money as such. What fascinated him was making the electron and later atomic energy serve mankind. His modest fortune came as a by-product.

The fact that the significance of his life story is not his upward struggle from grinding poverty does not mean that that phase of David Sarnoff's life is not fascinating. These were the formative years. As you read his story you suffer with him when he loses his first job because he had to take three days off to sing in the choir during the High Holidays—Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur. You rejoice with him when he receives his first promotion at the Marconi Company and becomes the youngest wireless operator in the business, at a salary of $7.50 a week. That wasn't much, but it was enough for the Sarnoff family to move from Hell's Kitchen to Brooklyn. You are pleased when he becomes a full-fledged operator, now paid $70 per month, which, for the first time in the lives of the Sarnoffs, permitted them to live in comfort. Affluence was to come much later.

The jacket of Mr. Lyons's book states: "As head of RCA and pioneer in electronics and communications, he has probably affected our daily lives more than anyone since Edison." Unlike most blurbs, this is the literal truth. Radio, TV, and now color television are among his many credits. Almost every home in the USA has one or two radios, and more than 50 million homes have television. It is these advances that are largely responsible for having shrunk this planet of ours to a point where all men are neighbors. Seventy-five years ago, when David Sarnoff was born, a booming voice was essential to most politicians. One of William Jennings Bryan's claims to fame was that his could carry to 10,000 people. Today a thin-voiced speaker with laryngitis can be heard by hundreds of millions, and tomorrow both words and pictures will be carried in color around the world. Sarnoff has many inventions to his credit but his great gift has been the ability to visualize the potentialities not only in his own inventions but in the inventions of others. No one has ever dreamed more boldly or more practically than David Sarnoff.



—*From the book.*

David Sarnoff with honorary diploma from Stuyvesant High School in New York—"No one has ever dreamed more boldly."

Today we speak of the pursuit of excellence. In the days when Sarnoff was in active charge of broadcast programming the phrase was "quest for quality." It was to be the function of radio to educate, to offer good music, fine drama, and to inform all the people in the working of our democracy. This sounds idealistic, but Sarnoff did bring to radio Walter Damrosch, the Metropolitan Opera, and the magic of Arturo Toscanini.

Although I thought I knew him well, there are many facets of Sarnoff's life that were revealed to me for the first time in the Lyons biography. I didn't know of his contribution to the Young Plan for the Rehabilitation of Germany. I had some knowledge of his ability as a negotiator but no appreciation of the consummate skill he employed in the building of RCA from a sales company to one of the great manufacturing institutions on the American scene. Nor did I realize that in the battles he fought with American Telephone and Telegraph, General Electric, and Westinghouse he won not only his objectives but the respect and friendship of his adversaries. Perhaps most surprising to me was the patience and persuasiveness he used in the monumental legal struggles in which RCA was engaged for so many years.

Mr. Lyons rightfully devotes considerable space to David Sarnoff's services to his government and particularly to his military career. Recognized as the number-one expert in the communications field, he spent much of his time commuting to Washington at the request of the Navy, Army and Air Force. It was only natural, therefore, that General Eisenhower and General Bedell Smith should send for him and enlist him in the Signal Corps as a colonel. Both are lavish in their praise of the contribution Sarnoff made to communications in the European Theater. After Paris was recaptured, while the sniping was still going on, it was under his supervision that the wireless stations that put France once more in communication with the world were rebuilt. It was no surprise to anyone when he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general.

NO record of Sarnoff's life would be complete without some mention of his setbacks. Lyons tabulates them candidly in his biography, but they are not impressive. Most were quickly overcome. The worst was in his battle with CBS over whether color was to be attained by electronic or mechanical processes. As might be expected, Sarnoff passionately favored the former, CBS the mechanical devices. In May of 1950 a demonstration of both systems was made before the Federal Communications Commission. The Commission decided in favor of CBS. Even this was a short-lived setback because today both NBC and CBS use the all-electronic processes.

What David Sarnoff will come forth with next no one knows. He was almost the first to predict use of atomic energy for powering ships and airplanes, and his companies are now working feverishly on developments for the space age. All that one can be sure of is that his next proposal will be imaginative, one that will add new dimensions to our life.

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Hitler Was His Only Master

The Memoirs of Field-Marshal Keitel, *edited by Walter Görlitz, translated by David Irving (Stein & Day. 288 pp. $7.95), contains top-level revelations by Hitler's loyal paladin. Louis L. Snyder, professor of history at The City University of New York, is author of "The War: A Concise History, 1939-1945."*

By LOUIS L. SNYDER

THIS book should be required reading for our good friends of the British gadfly school of historiography, who, when faced with a choice between fact and witty fiction, invariably gravitate toward the academic wisecrack. In their peculiarly perverse reasoning Adolf Hitler and Nazi Germany are absolved of blame for the outbreak of World War II. The pusher, Hitler, becomes the pushed, and ridicule is directed against those Allied statesmen who were outwitted by the Wizard of Berchtesgaden.

If any further proof be needed to show the bankruptcy of this view, it can be found in these memoirs of Field-Marshal Wilhelm Keitel. Hitler's Chief of the German High Command between 1938 and 1945 reveals that, as early as May 20, 1937, the Führer issued a directive commencing: "It is my unalterable decision to smash Czechoslovakia by military action in the near future." In the summer of 1939 he had a timetable for his military operations. And Keitel, who was in a position to know, stated it plainly: "Hitler . . . staked everything on the one card: war!"

Need there be further examples of the innocent Führer being shoved into countermeasures by incompetent Allied diplomats?

Keitel was second only to Hitler in directing the German military machine in the Second World War. Born into a middle-class Hanoverian family of landowners, Keitel came from a region with a strong anti-Prussian tradition, yet he epitomized the Junker militarist—tall, broad-shouldered, with monocle firmly held in the left eye. Born in 1882, he served as an efficient young officer during World War I, in which he was seriously wounded. He was posted to the General Staff, and, in 1936, promoted to lieutenant-general.

On February 3, 1938, after scandals involving Field-Marshal Werner von Blomberg (marriage to a lady of questionable virtue) and Colonel-General Freiherr von Fritsch (accusation of homosexuality), Hitler announced the retirement of the top echelon of the *Reichswehr,* and took over supreme command himself. He set up a new military authority, the O.K.W. *Oberkommando der Wehrmacht,* High Command of the Armed Forces. Keitel was selected as its Chief and remained in this post until Hitler's suicide in 1945.

Keitel never felt adequate for his lofty position, but there is no question of his loyalty and complete subservience to Hitler. He was unpopular among his comrades, who called him "Yes-Keitel" and "the nodding ass." Irreverent critics went so far as to label Keitel *"Lakaitel"* from the German word *Lakai*—lackey or flunkey.

Flunkey or not, these memoirs are of considerable historical importance. After the editor's introduction on background and career, the text gives Keitel's description of the Blomberg-Fritsch crisis of 1938 with its spicy scandals; the events leading to the annexations of Austria and Czechoslovakia; the fateful month of August 1939; and the campaigns against Poland, the Low Countries, and France.

Additional chapters include an account of the planned invasion of England (omitted from the German version) and an absorbing report on the attack on Russia. Keitel describes Hitler's shifting strategy and his increasingly hostile treatment of his generals, whom he blamed for the Stalingrad disaster. Most engrossing of all is Keitel's eyewitness narrative of the last eighteen days of the Third Reich. He remained in the besieged bunker and saw the hysterical Führer conducting the Battle of Berlin with divisions that no longer existed. The memoirs give additional evidence of the crazy-quilt pattern inside the Nazi hierarchy, with ringmaster Hitler cracking the whip and the cowed generals reacting with Pavlovian reflexes.

Field-Marshal Wilhelm Keitel—"as helpless as a babe."

In his apologia Keitel reveals ambivalent feelings toward Hitler. "At the bottom of my heart," he confesses, "I was a loyal shield-bearer for Adolf Hitler." He praises the Führer's iron will, his steadfastness, and his unrelenting severity in the Russian campaign, without which "the German Army would inescapably and inevitably have suffered in 1941 the fate of [the French] in 1812."

On the other hand, Keitel resented the way he was treated by his master. "I was never permitted to make decisions: the Führer had reserved that right to himself even in seemingly trivial matters." "The Führer cut me short and told me what *he* thought and what his *own* views were." "If he once got an idea in his head, no man on earth could ever shake him out of it." At one point Keitel speaks of facing up "to a demon like that man." "That I would become the victim of Hitler's unbridled dictatorship . . . no human being could have foreseen."

YET Keitel never rebelled against this degrading treatment. An otherwise undistinguished Dr. Lehmann caught the truth with this remark: "Keitel is brave enough to take on a lion in bare-fisted combat; but faced with Hitler he is as helpless as a babe."

Keitel's abject servility to Hitler brought him in 1945 before the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg on charges of participation in a conspiracy, crimes against peace, war crimes, and crimes against humanity. He was sentenced to death by hanging. He wrote these memoirs while in prison during the six weeks before his execution on October 16, 1946. His last wish, to be executed by firing squad instead of hanging, was denied.

In an *addendum,* editor Walter Görlitz presents the familiar argument that the Nuremberg trials violated the Western world's doctrine of *nulle poene sine lege.* He charges that the victors sat in judgment on the vanquished. He presents sympathetically Keitel's defense that "a soldier's cardinal virtue is obedience," and Keitel remains to him "a senior officer and gentleman." He finds Keitel "an honorable man":

> He was no longer concerned to haggle and bargain for his own skin; his main objective was to establish his honor, and not only his personal honor; he believed it was his duty to uphold the honor of all German troops, because he was too honest to admit that he had

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frequently proved inadequate in his defense of the traditional concept of Prussian military honor.

The word "honor" seems strange in this context. It would have been far more honorable for Keitel to refuse loyalty to a bestial hypomaniac. Or perhaps there is a better word than "honor" to describe stiff-necked, unflinching obedience in the service of barbarism. That word might well be a kind of higher "stupidity."

Mr. Görlitz, who is known for his excellent book *The History of the German General Staff*, has pruned the material by eliminating "historically unimportant" passages not bearing on military matters. The danger of this kind of editing is that historians differ on what is essential and what is of little consequence. The memoirs would be far more valuable in their original state.

The translation is generally satisfactory, although the translator, unfortunately, leans toward such slangy clichés as "sure of their stuff," "beat around the bush," and "to-ing and fro-ing."

A Country to Call Their Own

Garibaldi and His Enemies: The Clash of Arms and Personalities in the Making of Italy, *by Christopher Hibbert (Little, Brown. xx, 423 pp. $7.50), concentrates on the most dramatic moments in the life of a magnetic leader in the Risorgimento. Professor of history at Vanderbilt University, Charles F. Delzell is a specialist in modern Italian history and author of "Mussolini's Enemies: The Italian Anti-Fascist Resistance."*

By CHARLES F. DELZELL

THE RECENT celebrations of the centennial of Italian unification have aroused new interest in the major leaders of that exciting, almost incredible epic. Christopher Hibbert's action-filled biography of Giuseppe Garibaldi will almost certainly stimulate more such curiosity on the part of the English-speaking world. For none of the protagonists of the Italian Risorgimento possessed more personal charisma than the colorful general who directed the courageous but futile defense of the Roman Republic in 1849, and whose thousand red-shirted volunteers eleven years later snatched Sicily and southern Italy from the Bourbon King of Naples and turned it over to Victor Emmanuel II's Piedmontese realm.

It is little wonder that all the way from Naples to Montevideo streets and squares have been named for Garibaldi. For several years one could buy a Garibaldi wine, a Garibaldi biscuit, wear a Garibaldi blouse, or see a Garibaldi musical. His strikingly handsome face induced innumerable Italian peasants to welcome him as "our second Jesus Christ." It was probably no isolated instance that in the house where Mussolini was born only two pictures adorned the walls—those of the Virgin Mary and Garibaldi – reflecting respectively the ideological preferences of the future Duce's mother and his blacksmith father. Scores of admiring foreign visitors (and especially the women) who came to visit Garibaldi on his islet home of Caprera off Sardinia begged for locks of his hair, which they carefully preserved. When the military hero visited London in 1864 he was accorded a spontaneous reception that was never equaled before or since.

Britain more than any other foreign country has displayed sympathetic interest in Garibaldi. Soon after the turn of the century the eminent Liberal historian, George Macaulay Trevelyan, switched his attention from England under the Stuarts to the part played by Garibaldi in the unification of Italy. Working in libraries in England and Italy, Trevelyan traversed by foot every step of the ground covered by Garibaldi in the 1848-49 and 1860 periods. What resulted was the justly famous trilogy *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic, Garibaldi and the Thousand,* and *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy.* Some forty years later one of Trevelyan's disciples, Denis Mack Smith (now of All Soul's College, Oxford), launched a new series of studies on Garibaldi. Feeling that little more could be added to what Trevelyan had related about the military story, Mack Smith chose instead to examine archival material that would illuminate the intense political antipathy between Garibaldi and the more diplomatically astute premier of Sardinia-Piedmont. His findings appear in *Cavour and Garibaldi, 1860: A Study in Political Conflict* (1954). This he supplemented in 1956 with a penetrating little volume, *Garibaldi: A Great Life in Brief.*

—*From the book.*

Garibaldi—charisma and cherished hair.

It is now the turn of a third British writer, Christopher Hibbert, to take up the Garibaldi theme. Author of a dozen volumes in the fields of biography and military history, Hibbert has devoted two of these to Italy, where he served as an army officer in World War II. *Garibaldi and His Enemies* is happily a much better book than *Il Duce,* which Hibbert published in 1962. Those who are interested chiefly in military history but who prefer not to wade through three volumes will find Hibbert's account a convenient alternative to Trevelyan. Moreover, it includes a certain amount of information that was unavailable to Trevelyan.

The book by Hibbert is considerably longer than Mack Smith's recent biography but does not supersede it. Mack Smith possesses greater command of the historical literature in this field than does Hibbert, and he devotes more attention to the political scene in which Garibaldi operated. Hibbert has a flair, instead, for writing not only about the military operations but about the personal lives of his subjects. He likes to linger over their not always historically important romantic indiscretions. Of such experiences Garibaldi had his share. After all, he was a passionate Mediterranean type who did not need to be informed by Saint-Simon's writings that the body was a proper source of sexual pleasure—a point which Hibbert perhaps labors too much.

The subtitle of Hibbert's book suggests the limits of its scope, as he frankly admits in the preface: "It is only indirectly concerned with social and economic problems . . . and it is scarcely concerned at all with what Luigi Salvatorelli has called the 'spiritual process' of the Risorgimento. It is about people and events rather than ideas and conditions. It . . . throws into the background 'those various groups of uncommitted liberals' whose 'anonymous collective action,' Gaetano Salvemini be-

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lieved, was the 'principal factor in the Risorgimento.'"

Within the frame of reference that Hibbert has set for himself, he has generally done a good piece of work. Concentrating on the most dramatic moments of Garibaldi's life, Hibbert writes with skill and verve. He has an eye for the colorful phrase and amusing anecdote, and he is scrupulous about his citations, which fill several pages at the end of the book. Handsomely printed, *Garibaldi and His Enemies* contains numerous helpful maps of the military campaigns as well as interesting portraits and lithographs. A bibliography and index complete the work. At several points Hibbert was assisted in his research by various British and Italian specialists in Risorgimento history. Consequently, errors of fact are few. It is rather in his neglect of important background information regarding the political and diplomatic aspects of Italy's unification that experts will be inclined to fault Hibbert. All in all, however, he has written a lively introduction to the fascinating story of the Risorgimento.

From Out of the Desert

Children of Allah, *by Agnes Newton Keith (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 467 pp. $6.95), recounts the author's nine years in Libya as the wife of an FAO official, spanning a momentous turning point in the country's history. Charles Miller is a close observer of African affairs.*

By CHARLES MILLER

WHEN I began reading *Children of Allah*, a book about Libya by Agnes Newton Keith, who spent nine years in that country as the wife of an FAO official, I felt oppressed by a climate of banality. Nearly every paragraph seemed to be disfigured by that trademark of the female travelogue, the exclamation point. There were countless unpredictable and altogether gratuitous switches of tense that struck me as the quintessence of clumsy writing. Conversations rang about as naturally as the manufactured spontaneity of interviews on a housewives' radio program. The author's innumerable line drawings seemed inexpert and juvenile. Here we go again, I said to myself, another peripatetic middle-aged lady telling us all about picturesque natives and their quaint customs. (And if she insisted on writing a travel book, how could she have failed to say anything about the Tibesti Mountains and the Roman ruins of Leptis Magna, surely Libya's two most visually worthwhile attractions?) If I hadn't already agreed to write this review, I never would have finished the book.

Just how wrong can you get? Somewhere along the line it began to dawn on me that *Children of Allah* was anything but a tittering chronicle of triviality, and that Mrs. Keith is the very antithesis of a Helen Hokinson caricature with literary pretensions. For what she has written is not a travel book but an intelligent study of a nation trying to find its place in the sun; it is a labor of genuine love. And as this awareness steadily took hold, I also realized that my objections to the style had to be put down as nit-picking. All right, the author is nobody's Alan Moorehead; but her spirited account of life in Libya is written with a clarity, humor, and compassion that contrive splendidly to surmount any technical shortcomings. It can even be said that these faults contribute a large portion of the book's charm. As for the drawings, I only wish there had been more.

Mrs. Keith's residence in Libya spanned a momentous turning point in the country's history. For the previous two or three millennia Libya had at one time or another been absorbed into the empires of about a dozen European and Near Eastern powers; but, apart from a handful of fine ruins scattered along the Mediterranean coast, these occupations left no mark whatever, and as recently as a generation ago the country was without doubt the most backward and unproductive on earth. In point of fact, Libya didn't even exist as a national entity until 1951, when the political turmoil following World War II produced a shaky federation of three provinces with little to share but mutual antagonism (not unlike that existing in Nigeria's present federal setup) and a common allegiance to the uncommonly beloved monarch, Idris I, whose position in many ways resembles that of Ethiopia's Haile Selassie. In a word, Libya was a façade standing in front of nothing. Two factors changed all that in less than a decade.

One was the United Nations, the first foreign influence in Libya's history to "invade" the country for the sole purpose of bettering the lot of the Libyan people, and with a determination to make its reforms felt despite the hostility of a vast natural wasteland and an unyielding Middle East traditionalism that was conservative even by Moslem standards. Obstacles often appeared impassable to the representatives of the world body (Mrs. Keith's husband, a forestry expert, was conspicuously frustrated by the absence of his specialty in a land made up almost entirely of the Sahara Desert); but in time they came to see a growing and rewarding acceptance of their efforts. Far more spectacular was the discovery, in 1959, of oil. This didn't merely transform Libya almost overnight into one of the world's wealthiest nations; even more significantly, the gusher produced the inevitable deluge of foreigners (mostly Americans), whose presence will play

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an incalculable role in the course and shape of Libya's future.

Quite sensibly, Mrs. Keith refrains from trying to predict that future. Instead, she confines herself to Libya's past and present and, more specifically, to what happened to her while she was there. Geographically, her stay ranged the length and breadth of the immense country, and she gives us fine accounts of such experiences as the hardships and scenic rewards of Land Rover voyages across the Sahara, not to mention the purposeless inconvenience, on at least three separate occasions, of moving her entire household between Tripoli and Benghazi (about 600 miles apart) at the political whims of a Libyan government blessed with two capital cities. But the best parts of the book concern her personal involvement with the many Libyans she came to know. Unlike most Western women living in underdeveloped countries, Mrs. Keith apparently had no need for the "civilized" companionship of European communities, and her preference for the somewhat formalized but warm relationships within Libyan families throws a revealing light on the author herself, less as a writer than as a human being. Possessing not a shred of the anthropologist's patronizing detachment or the white traveler's amused superiority, her descriptions of Libyan home life portray people and not exhibits. Mrs. Keith was accepted without reservation by many Libyan families at all class levels, and her presence wasn't superficial: she shared their personal tragedies as fully as the cakes and super-potent tea they served at wedding celebrations and ladies' afternoon parties. More than one Libyan called her "Mother," and treated her with the same kind of filial love—and disobedience—that she undoubtedly has received from her own son and daughter.

Easily the nicest thing about these accounts of Libyans at home is that they don't contain a solitary condescending word. Certainly Mrs. Keith recognized much that was backward and even cruel in many of the country's social traditions, and she is outspoken in her displeasure with the inferior status accorded to women. (At one time, she notes, women weren't allowed to go to the post office to buy Libyan stamps celebrating female emancipation.) But her criticism is delivered from within the family; it makes an incalculable difference.

The world won't come to an end if we fail to cultivate a literary interest in Libya. But a lot of people, I think, will deprive themselves of an uncommonly pleasurable experience if they pass up Mrs. Keith's engaging book. And as for any Americans who may be going to Libya on business or pleasure, only passports, visas, and shots should take precedence over *Children of Allah*.

Learning for Export

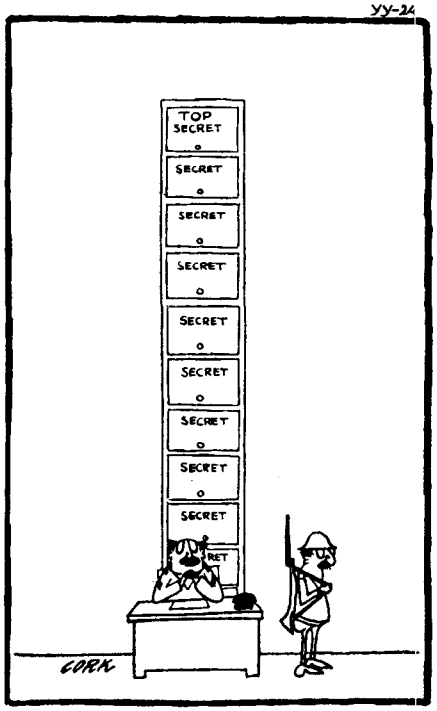
The Neglected Aspect of Foreign Affairs: American Educational and Cultural Policy Abroad, *by Charles Frankel (Brookings Institution. 156 pp. $5), analyzes the principles which the author believes should guide one of our most vital programs. Milton R. Konvitz, Cornell University professor, is author of "Expanding Liberty: Freedom's Gains in Postwar America," scheduled to be published next May.*

By MILTON R. KONVITZ

THIS book by Charles Frankel could not be published at a better time, for it appears just when it may do the most good by helping Americans generally, and Congress especially, to appreciate the philosophy and urgency of the International Education Act of 1966 (S. 2874).

When President Johnson sent this bill to Congress early in February, his message stressed his belief, in words he quoted from William James, that mankind must seek "a moral equivalent of war." One has reason to suspect that Dr. Frankel, a professor of philosophy at Columbia before he became Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs, had a hand in preparing the message and the bill.

In 1949, when President Truman, fearing the appeal of Communism to the peoples of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, launched the Point Four program to help underdeveloped lands, he could not have known that our sharing of technical skills, knowledge, and equipment would free our colleges and universities from a parochial concern with the culture, history, languages, and institutions of Western Europe. American centers of higher learning now have windows that open on all parts of the world. This may well be one of the most gratifying by-products of the Cold War. Here we have another instance of the truth noted by Alfred North Whitehead, that great ideas often enter into reality "with evil associates and with disgusting alliances." Today some seventy universities have overseas projects; about 4,000 American professors are studying or working abroad. Perhaps equally startling and certainly no less gratifying is the fact that a single year has brought 9,000 professors and 82,000 students from 159 countries to our schools and universities. American higher education has been given new tasks, new dimensions, new visions, and a new spirit.



Yet when Dr. Frankel came to giving a title to his book on American educational policies abroad, he rightly called it *The Neglected Aspect of Foreign Affairs.* It has been an area that has received shabby treatment in Washington. Our international education programs were set up on a year-to-year basis, and were considered in a context of diplomatic, economic, or propaganda policies, as means to short-range ends. Unfortunately, too, our American colleges and universities failed to take measures to make their voices heard in the planning of educational policies; they passively waited to react to those initiated by the politicians. The remarkable thing is that despite this muddle, despite the fact that no one—or the wrong person—was minding the store, so much good work somehow managed to get done.

Now, in Dr. Frankel's tightly-written book, anyone who is interested can find the fundamental issues stated and analyzed, and the principles formulated on which intelligent policies may be based. His book will for years serve as a guide for national policy.

It is heartening to see that President Johnson has already learned important lessons from Dr. Frankel; the bill which he has sent to Congress will, if enacted, free international education from dependence on policies that can only debase it. The law will permit budgeting on a five-year basis. A Center for Educational Cooperation will be established in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. In brief, international education will become a primary concern of the federal government. Ironically, then, the President and Congress may soon render the title of Charles Frankel's book an anachronism. It couldn't happen to a more timely book.

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Return Passage to India

The Cave and the Mountain: A Study of E. M. Forster, *by Wilfred Stone (Stanford University Press. 436 pp. $8.95), analyzes the man who, in the opinion of the author, made one of the most provocative statements on the human predicament to be found in modern literature. K. Natwar-Singh's books include "E. M. Forster: A Tribute."*

By K. NATWAR-SINGH

E. M. FORSTER turned eighty-seven on New Year's Day. His last book, *Marianne Thornton,* appeared a decade ago. Since then a dozen books about him have been written on both sides of the Atlantic. Of these Wilfred Stone's *The Cave and the Mountain* is, perhaps, the most significant; certainly it is the most searching, detailed, sensitive, and refreshing. Because it contains a considerable amount of original research and carries the mark of genuine scholarship the study commands an unusual degree of attention and respect.

I agree with Lionel Trilling's remark in his book on Forster that "friendship . . . does not necessarily make disinterested criticism impossible, but sometimes makes it difficult." I have had the good fortune of calling Mr. Forster a friend for many years; it is largely to him that I owe "such awakening that has befallen me." As I read *The Cave and the Mountain* affectionate recollections of him came rushing to my mind. Like Mr. Trilling I had no wish to drive them away, yet I like to think that they have not warped my ability to judge this book objectively.

Professor Stone, who teaches English at Stanford University, has, as a true Forsterian, divided his study into three parts. The first deals with Mr. Forster's cultural, historical, intellectual, and family background and his undergraduate years at Cambridge, "where young men seek truth rather than victory." The chapter on the Clapham Sect is a little gem. On the night that the British Parliament passed the Abolition Bill, William Wilberforce, the High Priest of the Sect, triumphantly asks Forster's great-grandfather, Henry Thornton, "Well, Henry, what shall we abolish next?" The formidable ancestor replies, "The Lottery, I think." Forster's answer would have been different.

In the second part Professor Stone examines in great detail Forster's esthetics and ethics, as well as the short stories and four novels that preceded *A Passage to India.* I have never been able to cope with Mr. Forster's short stories, and Professor Stone has helped to lift some of the mist. About the novels so much has already been written that nothing really arresting is added to our knowledge, except when Professor Stone quotes from his conversations with Forster or from his letters.

The book's final section includes some extremely interesting and little-known facts about the Egyptian period of Forster's life (1915-19). There is also a lively chapter on Mr. Forster's much neglected critical writing – his essays, reviews, lectures, and broadcasts. But the hard core of this section is the chapter on *A Passage to India.*

For Professor Stone, *A Passage to India* is Forster's masterpiece: in it the unresolved conflicts of his other work are "forged into a single unity." As an artistic achievement *A Passage to India* is almost flawless—in the words of Professor Stone, "the most prophetic of Forster's books, carrying not only the most powerful warning about the human predicament, but also one of the most provocative analyses of that predicament to be found in modern literature." This is indeed an important statement but its impact is lessened if not vitiated by Professor Stone's attempt to support it with a long and irrelevant quotation from Jung. Why? Forster needs no props. Symbolism of course is important in his work but, as Stone himself makes clear, Forster's acquaintance with Freud and Jung is slight, and they have not influenced him directly. It is, therefore, unfortunate that an obsession with symbolism should mar this book.

That is my only quarrel with Professor Stone. *The Cave and the Mountain* is an admirable book. Reading it one perceives afresh the standards set by Mr. Forster, a man whose personal example and writings have made some of us aware, if not capable, of higher things.

The Speech as He Pronounced It

Shakespeare's Hamlet: A New Version, *by Rouben Mamoulian (Bobbs-Merrill. 263 pp. $5), updates and explicates the language of a classic. Philip Burton, foster father of actor Richard Burton, is president and director of AMDA, the American Musical and Dramatic Academy.*

By PHILIP BURTON

MR. ROUBEN MAMOULIAN, after working on the project for "several years, on and off," has presented the world with a revised version of Shakespeare's *Hamlet.* The revisions consist of replacing words, rewriting lines, cutting the text, describing stage business, and giving definite ages to all the characters. Mr. Mamoulian anticipated "a few outraged cries of 'Heresy!' " My cry is that of "Folly!"

To begin with, *Hamlet* remains the most excitingly viable play on the stage and is in no need of artificial respiration. Had this revised version been tried out on the stage first and had it gained critical and popular acclaim, then would have been the time to publish the new text, but I fear it would have died an unhappy death, having infuriated the play's adherents without winning any new ones.

Mr. Mamoulian is sorry that monoglot speakers of English do not know Shakespeare in some foreign tongue, in which translators have had to make sense out of difficult passages. He himself knew Shakespeare first in Armenian, Russian, and French disguises before meeting him face to face. German admirers of the Schlegel translation often feel the same pity for Shakespeare's own countrymen, but even Schlegel sometimes missed the point; for instance, he thought the implication of "I know a hawk from a handsaw" was merely one of size, and he substituted "I know a church tower from a cathedral spire," thereby completely missing the subtlety of "I know a bird of prey from an innocent one, even though the innocent one is bigger." I must confess, in favor of Mr. Mamoulian's enterprise, that I have often thought "heron" might be substituted for "handsaw," particularly since the passage is in prose, for we must never forget the fundamental truth about the nature of poetry: "Poetry is that which is lost in translation." But I doubt if I would approve of any other word-substitutions.

Mr. Mamoulian is not even consist-

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ent or correct in his word-substitutions. Thus he retains Hamlet's first line: "A little more than kin, and less than kind," but later changes "kindless villain" to "vicious villain," which is not the same thing at all. Nor is "mere dagger" the same as "bare bodkin"; Shakespeare meant "bodkin," not "dagger," the point being that a large domestic needle is enough to cause death; and though "bodkin" may not be in Mr. Mamoulian's vocabulary, I can assure him the word is still widely used. Other words that have changed their meaning he retains: it is surprising to find "possess it merely" not changed to "possess it solely." Some of the substitutions seem absurdly pointless: what advantage is there in "go on to bed" over "get you to bed"?

It is not wholly unexpected to find that Mr. Mamoulian takes it upon himself to correct Shakespeare's grammar (after all, every child knows that "Between who?" is wrong) nor that the second person singular almost entirely disappears (only the Ghost is allowed to keep his thee's and thou's); but when "a rhapsody of words" is replaced by "a noise of empty words," one feels that Mr. Mamoulian must be deaf to sound and insensitive to association, two of poetry's most potent charms.

ONE of several alterations in the text calls for special comment. Mr. Mamoulian is not the first man to raise the question of Hamlet's age, which in the Graveyard Scene we gather to be thirty, while in the beginning of the play we have the impression of a young man of student age. In this new text the problem is summarily solved by changing "thirty" to "twenty." Even the references to "thirty" in the Mousetrap play are changed to "twenty." The explanation hazarded is that Shakespeare's original text had to be altered to accommodate a more mature Richard Burbage. Mr. Mamoulian accepts the position that this lost early text formed the basis of the First Quarto, in which, by the way, in place of "Full thirty times" we read "Full forty years" instead of the "twenty" Mr. Mamoulian would have wished. I fear that this revised *Hamlet* is the work of a literalist, incapable of appreciating Shakespeare's brilliant double use of time, chronological and poetic. By the end of the play Hamlet is a much more mature man than the student of Wittenberg; in just a few months he has grown years.

It is devoutly to be hoped that Mr. Mamoulian's new *Hamlet* will not start a spate of modernized texts of Shakespeare's plays, many of which might seem to stand more in need of explication than *Hamlet*. Even some modern playwrights would seem to need such revision; Christopher Fry, for instance.

Youth, Love, and Illusion

Country of the Young, *by Marvin Schiller (Crown. 281 pp. $4.95), the story of a clarinetist who gives up his music and his first love, illustrates the compromises that maturity forces upon most men. Daniel Stern's fifth novel, "After the War," will be published later this year.*

By DANIEL STERN

SOMETIMES while reading a book I find myself thinking, "It almost doesn't matter whether this succeeds as a novel or not. I am reading a writer, who speaks 'writing' the way other people speak 'speaking.' In short, a natural." Marvin Schiller, author of *Country of the Young*, is a natural. In this first novel he has written about the classic concerns: youth, love, illusion, and the compromises of time and maturity. And he has written about these things, and the people who suffer them, with all the classic resources, just as if beauty of language, the building of character, and the consequences of decisions still mattered.

Country of the Young is the story of David Wyman, a sort of New York Jean-Christophe—a Jean-Christophe gone wrong, of course. David is a clarinetist, talented and dedicated to music. At Tanglewood, where we first meet him, he encounters the young cellist Ruth Gidan, dark, lovely daughter of a distinguished musical family. As they should, David and Ruth fall in love.

Marvin Schiller—"knows the little ways . . . a remembered love can haunt."

And, as it should be, their affair is accompanied by music.

There is a certain self-indulgence in this first section, a certain dwelling on the details of youth and music for their own sake. This is a flaw. For the book is not about music, nor is it even about love. It is about what we do with our youth.

But this early fault is swiftly corrected. As the love affair becomes both more intense and less viable (for reasons of family resistance and just plain youthful weakness and indecisiveness), the book gathers its natural momentum. Ruth becomes an obsession with David. Indeed, as she becomes less and less obtainable, she comes to be identified with David's musical life. Thus it is logical that in giving her up he also gives up his music.

But the melody lingers long past its allotted time. Schiller understands obsession and knows the little ways in which a remembered love (mixed now with hate) can haunt, taunt, and poison a life. In fleeing music, it is the banal life of a stockbroker that David chooses as his compromise, and along with it, the beautifully uncompromising young virgin (the first enchanting one I've seen in years), Jill Deering. In the rhythms of his prose, as well as the small epiphanies of character and self-understanding, Schiller reminds me of the Scott Fitzgerald of *Tender Is the Night*. This is especially true of the way Ruth, like music, literally, keeps impinging on David's life. He describes his first sight of Ruth's husband: "a narrow face with protruding cheekbones, sympathetic eyes and an expression about him that recalled a cheated American Indian or some unlistened-to Bowery Jesus . . . and the one sensation I felt was that of wonderment that I should have lost Ruth to someone who was after all just another man. . . ."

All through the ensuing action—a wild boat trip to Paris with an American theatrical company, the deteriorating relationship with Jill (which parallels Ruth's disintegrating marriage)—the hypnotic flow of the tale holds. Finally, purged of his obsessions by suffering and time, David's choices become less extreme, more real.

There is a natural economy in the work of a genuine artist. Everything is paid for, one way or another. Schiller is such an artist, and with this first book he proves himself one of the most talented younger writers at work today.

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A Good Omen for the Normans

The Firedrake, *by Cecelia Holland (Atheneum. 243 pp. $5), concerns the adventures of a mercenary knight in the service of the future William the Conqueror. Ruth L. Brown is a member of SR's editorial staff.*

By RUTH L. BROWN

A FIREDRAKE is a fire-breathing dragon; according to the jacket on Cecelia Holland's first novel, it also refers to the appearance in 1066 of Halley's comet, regarded in retrospect as an omen of the Norman conquest of Britain. Had the invasion been repelled, no doubt the visitor from outer space would have been claimed as a sign of divine favor by the Saxons. In the book the "firedrake" is presumably William the Conqueror, here still Duke of Normandy, or perhaps his chief knight, Laeghaire of Tralee, "Laeghaire of the Long Road" (the name, the author tells us, is the Gaelic spelling of "Lear").

Laeghaire, an Irish "younger son" and a renegade monk, had taken up the trade of knight errant—not a seeker of dragons and maidens in distress, but a mercenary soldier, prepared to fight for whatever warring lord will pay him. In his arrogance, insolence, and invincibility, Laeghaire belongs to a tradition that extends from the *Iliad* and the Norse sagas to the latest television serial. Taciturn, morose, and cynical, he owes much to the Victorians. There are times when he reminds one of Max Beerbohm's immortal description of a Kipling hero: he exemplifies not manhood or manliness but "manlydom." But Laeghaire is also a "modern" hero in that he pauses now and then in his bloody occupation to ponder the meaning of it all. If he arrives at no particular conclusions beyond the idea that one war is very much like another, and that nothing ever really changes, it can hardly be held against him; few contemporary professional soldiers have got much further.

When the story opens, Laeghaire is on his way to join the Count of Flanders, who is bound by alliance to send forces to assist William of Normandy in his French campaigns. En route Laeghaire encounters the German peasant girl Hilde being beaten by her father for refusing to marry. Her reluctance is chiefly due to a disinclination to spend her wedding night, according to custom, with the local lord. Laeghaire buys the girl from her father and takes her off to Flanders, but declines to marry her even after she has borne him a son.

The ensuing narrative alternates between the Flemish court and the battlefield. Laeghaire achieves a reputation for prowess in war, taking on multiple enemies single-handed, and for his demonic pride and "berserker" temper; smiling the while, he rips one of his own men up the belly for taking his name in vain. He comes to admire William as being of the same mold as himself. Neither, they agree in a midnight conversation, will ever be happy because no matter what they accomplish they will always want something more; this, they feel, sets them apart from lesser men. On his side, William respects Laeghaire but envies his popularity with the army.

Miss Holland has a brusque, laconic style and a penchant for short declarative sentences. This is effective at times; unfortunately, she tends to overdo it, and the constant repetitive, jingling rhythm irritates:

> Laeghaire went out. He laughed in the hall. He went down to his horse. Fitz-Osbern was in the shadow of the gate. Laeghaire mounted. He put on his helmet. He waved to Fitz-Osbern. The stallion tugged at the bit. Laeghaire took a strong hold on the rein. The stallion reared and Laeghaire spurred him. They bolted out of the gate. . . .

—*Tweedy-Holmes.*

Cecelia Holland — "a brusque, laconic style."

The author displays an extensive but unintrusive knowledge of the period, and a familiarity and fascination with horsemanship (Laeghaire seems most at home in the saddle). But Laeghaire, one suspects, is a dream-image, part Roland, part Heathcliff; through the very spareness of the prose he appears as an exaggerated line-drawing approaching caricature. Though one senses from the story (and from a rather sententious "prefatory note") that Miss Holland intended to say something earnest on the subject of war, her battle scenes inevitably center around Laeghaire in hand-to-hand combat, with sword slicing neatly and antiseptically through helmet or flesh.

This is, in short, distinctly a "young" book (the author is barely twenty-two). *The Firedrake* reveals considerable talent, though here its reach exceeds its present grasp.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

LES GIRLS

The author used only the first name of his heroine in the title of each of these books. Paula Kurth of Detroit has compassionately supplied the last name (maiden or married or both). Can you match them up, together with the right author? Identification tags are furnished on page 49.

Amelia ( )	1. Andrews	A. Jane Austen
Diana of the Crossways ( )	2. Anville	B. Charlotte Brontë
Emma ( )	3. Bardo	C. Fanny Burney
Evangeline ( )	4. Bellefontaine	D. Willa Cather
Evelina ( )	5. (Harris) Booth	E. Theodore Dreiser
Major Barbara ( )	6. Keeldar	F. George Eliot
My Antonia ( )	7. (Merion) Warwick	G. Henry Fielding
Pamela ( )	8. Meeber	H. Helen Hunt Jackson
Ramona ( )	9. Ortegna	I. H. W. Longfellow
Romola ( )	10. (Shimerda) Cuzak	J. George Meredith
Shirley ( )	11. Undershaft	K. Samuel Richardson
Sister Carrie ( )	12. Woodhouse	L. G. B. Shaw

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A Party of Strangers

Some Doves and Pythons, *by Sumner Locke Elliott (Harper & Row. 249 pp. $4.95), scratches the façade from the celebrity market, its purveyors and "properties." George Oppenheimer, whose book of reminiscences, "The View from the Sixties," will be published shortly, is drama critic of Newsday.*

By GEORGE OPPENHEIMER

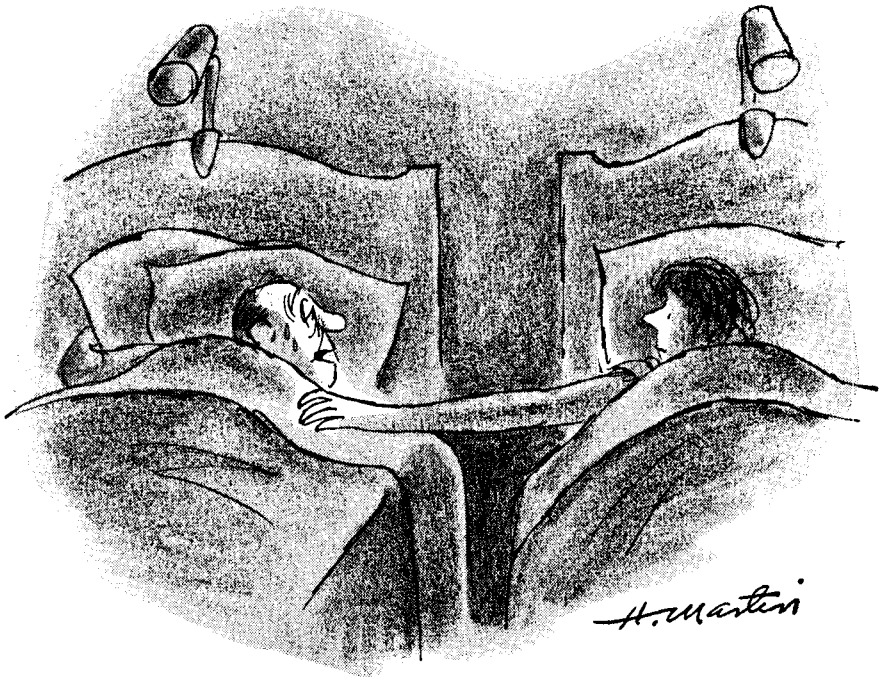
READING this second novel by Sumner Locke Elliott, whose *Careful, He Might Hear You* was so well received in 1963, is somewhat like attending a cocktail party of strangers. The guests are for the most part celebrities—denizens of the literary, stage, screen, and TV worlds. For a few minutes they seem aloof. Then, after a short period of self-consciousness (which also exists initially in the author's style), they start to unbend, and you find yourself in the company of greatly entertaining people. They aren't the sort with whom you would care to become deeply involved, although while you are reading you cannot help yourself. Mr. Elliott has the power of drawing you into their problems, their intrigues, their neuroses, especially those of Tabitha Wane, representative of literary and theatrical artists.

Tabitha ("She was fighting a lifelong battle for charm; she was in bitter combat against the forces of mediocrity and anything made of plastic") rules this unruly group. She sells their creations and their services, molds their lives, and charms or bullies them into submission. Some faces she has stepped on; others she has made famous.

Some Doves and Pythons is a novel rich in characterization and in its polished and wickedly satirical style. Barney, the latent homosexual who is Tabitha's loyal assistant; Mrs. Wane, her mother, whose age and insight make her immune to her daughter's manipulations; Alex, her lover, who has his moment of rebellion; G.G. and Lawrence, the devoted deviates, whom Tabitha would split asunder to further Lawrence's career and her commission; Blanche, another python, with a famous husband around whom she is comfortably coiled—these are a few of the people over whom Tabitha holds sway, and whom she has gathered for a weekend at her country home to be hosted and handled, coupled and halved, bought and sold.

The climax comes at a party when, for once, Tabitha's stage management falters. Abruptly the pawns refuse to be moved as she has planned, and the Queen is about to be taken. Mr. Elliott's delineation of Tabitha is such that, even while we know that she fully deserves everything that is coming to her, we still feel for her.

For those who know the fiercely competitive climate of the talent-agency business, *Some Doves and Pythons* is compulsive reading. For others who delight in humor tinged with venom, prose dipped in acid, and a tale that Jane Austen might well have enjoyed, once she got over her initial shock, the novel provides excellent diversion.



"Thank goodness you woke me. Gordie Cooper and I were making re-entry and our drogue chute failed to open."

Grandpa's Wooden Leg: Geneviève Dormann, author of *The Way Life Is* (translated from the French by Merloyd Lawrence, Braziller, $5), seems to be a very attractive girl, judging by the photograph on the jacket, and that, after reading her book, is the nicest remark I can find to make.

Why will people go on writing novels like this? One has an overpowering feeling of *déjà lu.* It is glib, it is smoothly constructed, the words slip over the mind like a commercial sweet over the tongue, with the same synthetic aftertaste.

Books of this sort are always termed "deceptively" light. But in reality, the blurb archly declares, "The tragi-comic situation of its innocently cynical, endearing hero-narrator is perhaps not unlike our own." Ah, the cunning of that "perhaps."

Innocently cynical, endearing Laurent Brecey (*Vous, hypocrite lecteur . . .*), born haphazardly in the Bon Marché department store, grows up into an ugly little fellow accused of having no heart, owing to the fact that he once (out of terror) took apart his grandfather's wooden leg and threw away the screws.

The grandfather had his leg blown off on the World War I battlefield of the Chemin des Dames, and Laurent, a bored youth, longs incessantly for his own Chemin des Dames, the crisis in his own future. Crises do come, in the shape of war, marriage, worldly fame, and love; but no experience has anything like the finality of grandfather's. At the end, Laurent is as helpless as he was at the beginning, flailing his arms on the floor of the Bon Marché. Life, for him, is a series of accidents.

Mlle. Dormann, being French, cannot write badly; but she tosses off ideas with a sort of boarding-school insouciance which is more irritating than endearing. In fact, *The Way Life Is* is just the way life isn't. —DORRIE PAGONES.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

MODERN MASTERPIECES OF SCIENCE FICTION. Edited by Sam Moskowitz. World. $6.

Art, Architecture

DIMENSIONS OF THE 20TH CENTURY: 1900-1945. By Robert L. Delevoy. World. $20.

THE STRUCTURES OF THE MODERN WORLD. By Nello Ponente. World. $20.

Business, Economics

COMMUNIST CHINA'S ECONOMIC GROWTH AND FOREIGN TRADE. By Alexander Eckstein. McGraw-Hill. $7.

THE END OF FREE ENTERPRISE: A Manifesto for Capitalists. By Donald I. Rogers. Doubleday. $3.95.

Crime, Suspense

THE CAT WHO COULD READ BACKWARDS. By Lilian Jackson Braun. Dutton. $3.95.

THE HARD SELL. By Willian Haggard. Ives Washburn. $3.75.

HIDE AND GO SEEK. By Andrew Garve. Harper & Row. $3.95.

THE SIX IRON SPIDERS. By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. Norton. $3.95.

THE SPYMASTER. By Philip Freund. Ives Washburn. $3.95.

THE UNEXPECTED MRS. POLLIFAX. By Dorothy Gilman. Doubleday. $3.95.

A WICKET PACK OF CARDS. By Hugh Ross Williamson. Guild Press. $3.95.

Current Affairs

BREAD FROM STONES. By John S. Badeau and Georgianna G. Stevens. Near East Foundation. Hardbound, $3. Paperback, $1.50.

EQUALITY AND BEYOND. By George and Eunice Grier. Quadrangle. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.45.

MAN AND AFRICA. Edited by Gordon Wolstenholme and Maeve O'Connor. Little, Brown. $7.50.

NEW PERSPECTIVES OF BRAZIL. Edited by Eric N. Baklanoff. Vanderbilt Univ. Press. $7.50.

URBAN RENEWAL AND AMERICAN CITIES. By Scott Greer. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.95.

Essays

THE MAN WITH THE CALABASH PIPE. By Oliver La Farge. Edited by Winfield Townley Scott. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

THE UNIQUE AND THE UNIVERSAL. By J. L. Talmon. Braziller. $6.50.

Fiction

A GIFT OF ECHOES. By Robert Harlow. St. Martin's. $4.95.

HALL OF MIRRORS. By John Rowan Wilson. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE MICROCOSM. By Maureen Duffy. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

NO ONE HEARS BUT HIM. By Taylor Caldwell. Doubleday. $4.95.

OFAY. By Earl Shorris. Delacorte. $4.50.

IN PRAISE OF OLDER WOMEN. By Stephen Vizinczey. Trident. $4.95.

THAT SUMMER. By Allen Drury. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

THE TOWN AND DR. MOORE. By Agatha Young. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

THE TWO-HEADED READER: *The Oldest Confession* and *The Manchurian Candidate*. By Richard Condon. Random House. $5.95.

History

AUGUSTUS AND NERO. By Gilbert Charles-Picard. Crowell. $5.95.

THE REFORMATION IN ESSEX TO THE DEATH OF MARY I. By J. E. Oxley. Barnes & Noble. $8.

SOVIET MILITARY POLICY: A Historical Analysis. By Raymond L. Garthoff. Praeger. $6.50.

UNDERSEA VICTORY: The Influence of Submarine Operations on the War in the Pacific. By W. J. Holmes. Doubleday. $7.50.

Law

INTERNATIONAL LAW: Indian Courts and Legislature. By A. K. Agrawala. Oceana. $10.

Literary Criticism, History

A HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE. By Albin Lesky. Crowell. $15.

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND SHAKESPEARE. By Norman H. Holland. McGraw-Hill. $9.95.

SEEKERS OF TOMORROW. By Sam Moskowitz. World. $6.

Miscellany

ANTARCTIC CONQUEST. By Walker Chapman. Bobbs-Merrill. $6.95.

MAGILL'S QUOTATIONS IN CONTEXT. Edited by Frank N. Magill. Harper & Row. $9.95.

PRIVATE AND PERSONAL. By Grace Naismith. McKay. $5.50.

THE SWORDS OF SPAIN. By Robert Daley. Dial. $9.95.

THIS FASCINATING OIL BUSINESS. By Douglas Ball and Daniel S. Turner. Bobbs-Merrill. $7.50. (Revised edition.)

Music

GREAT COMPOSERS OF THE WORLD. By Gervase Hughes. Crowell. $4.95.

Personal History

CHANTEMESLE. By Robin Fedden. Braziller. $4.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: Portrait of an American Humanist. By Edward Wagenknecht. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.

MCCORMICK OF CHICAGO. By Frank Waldrop. Prentice-Hall. $7.95.

MORE THAN BOOTY. By Jane and Barney Crile. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

THE POPE, MY BROTHER AND I. By Penny Howson. St. Martin's. $3.95.

ADLAI STEVENSON. By Lillian Ross. Lippincott. $2.95.

Philosophy, Religion

THE APPEARANCE OF MAN. By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. Harper & Row. $5.

THE BIBLE STORY. By Stefan Andres McGraw-Hill. $7.95.

THE HUMAN CHURCH. By Willian H. DuBay. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE THREE PILLARS OF ZEN: Teaching Practice, Enlightenment. Edited by Philip Kapleau. Harper & Row. $6.95.

YOUR PASTOR'S PROBLEMS: A Guide for Ministers and Laymen. By William E. Hulme. Doubleday. $3.95.

Poetry

DISCREPANCIES AND APPARITIONS. By Diane Wakoski. Doubleday. $2.95.

Science

BREAKTHROUGH: The Saga of Jonas Salk. By Richard Carter. Trident. $5.95.

THIRTY YEARS THAT SHOOK PHYSICS: The Story of Quantum Theory. By George Gamow. Doubleday. $5.95.

Travel

FAR PACIFIC TRAVEL GUIDE. By John C. Caldwell. John Day. $5.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

". . . Put me down!"

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The Boom

Continued from page 28

of fairness in administering the wage-price guideposts is the basic economic question of whether they can contain the inflationary force created by adding the demands of expanding war in Vietnam to those already generated by a surging civilian economy. The answer given by President Johnson and his economic advisors seems clearly to be, yes. For the government's fiscal year ending in mid-1967 they contemplate sharply increased expenditures both for the war in Vietnam and "Great Society" programs and still, with the aid of some speeded-up tax collections and some excise tax increases, expect to celebrate the Fourth of July 1967, after being only $1.8 billion short of balancing a federal budget of $112.8 billion for the fiscal year just ended.

Others say no, the guidepost system is not up to containing the inflationary pressure that has been and is being built up. One of the reinforcements of the guideposts that is proposed is a marked reduction in the rate of expansion of the nation's money supply, which has been running about 8 per cent a year of late, to bring it closer in line with the rate of expansion of the output of goods and services, running about 5 per cent. This would put a check on that kind of inflation caused by having "too many dollars chasing too few goods." Another reinforcement that is proposed is a cutting back of civilian programs as far as possible to make room for increased military expenditures for Vietnam. This would involve a sharp trimming of the $3.5 billion increase in expenditures for "Great Society" programs for the next fiscal year, which the Johnson administration has reported it now expects to make, after trimming some civilian expenditures elsewhere.

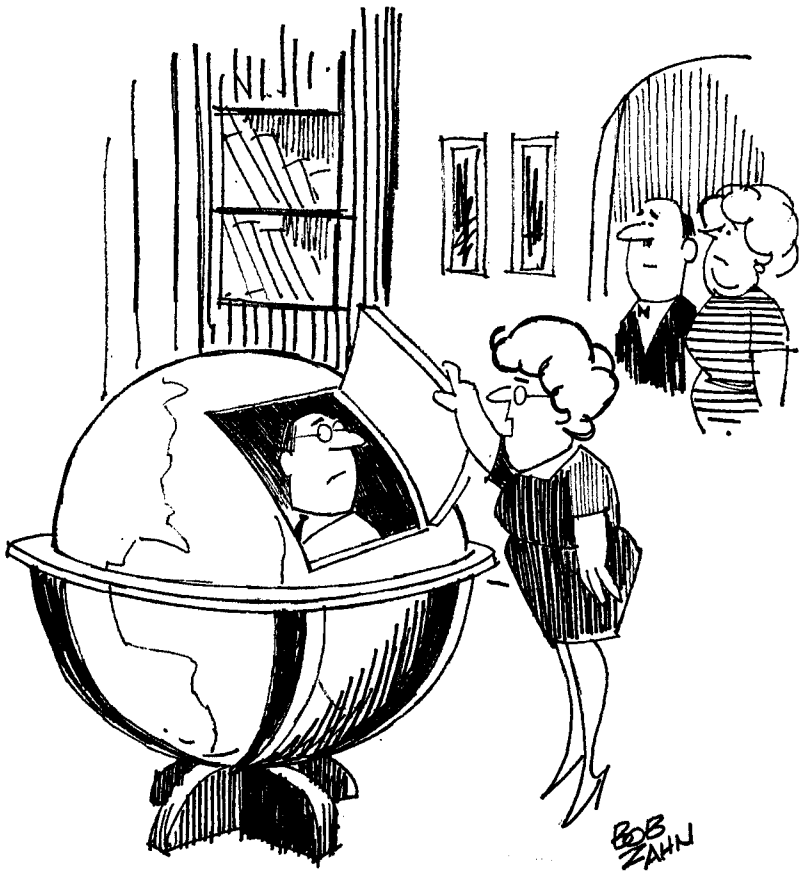
Still another possible reinforcement of the wage-price guidepost defenses against inflation is readiness to buttress them if necessary by a much larger annual federal tax take than the $3.6 billion now asked by President Johnson. Of this total, $1.2 billion would come from restoring recent cuts in excise taxes on automobiles and telephone service, and most of the balance from speeding up corporate income tax payments—the latter almost entirely a one-shot rearrangement of taxes rather than an increase.

In reporting on the state of the union, the President gave assurance that "if the necessities of Vietnam require it, I will not hesitate to return to the Congress for additional appropriations and additional revenues." Short of an all-out war emergency, such a return for more revenues in a congressional campaign year would surely rate a special badge for political valor. From the standpoint of technically effective fiscal management and conceivably from the standpoint of political self-defense by congressmen, a better arrangement would be to give the President some contingent authority to raise, or possibly lower taxes within prescribed limits. But there is little reason to believe that such a departure is feasible at this juncture.

In spite of the fact that it is getting stretched fairly taut the American economy may well have the strength and resiliency to carry out successfully the guns and butter program which President Johnson and his economic advisers have projected for it. At any rate there is no conclusive evidence to the contrary at this juncture. But whether the bold economic course plotted by the President in his State of the Union and subsequent announcements about budget plans is followed, or a more cautious course is followed, one of the considerable keys to success will be a collaboration, involving mutual respect and trust, between the government and the business community. This will also be the case if the war tragedy in Vietnam is successfully liquidated.

One of the best ways to revitalize the government-business partnership which President Johnson developed so successfully in the earlier days of his administration is to revitalize the exchange of views on problems of great concern to both partners. An effort to help in this direction is made in a report of the results of a *Saturday Review* survey on economic policy reported in other columns.

On the whole, the Johnson Administration has been remarkably successful in its key part of the leadership of the American economy. But the problems it confronts now—in keeping a booming and inflation-prone economy on the track—are far more difficult than those it faced in getting a lagging economy into high gear. As Chairman Ackley of the President's Council of Economic Advisors recently remarked, "It is easy to prescribe expansionary policies in a period of slack. Managing high level prosperity is a vastly more difficult business and requires vastly superior knowledge." To carry out this vastly more difficult business successfully the government needs all the help from economic leaders it can get. One way to obtain an important part of it is to get the government-business partnership working in strongly constructive channels again. As President Johnson put it in his economic report to Congress, "Only through a creative and cooperative partnership of all private interests and all levels of government—a creative federalism—can our economic and social objectives be attained."



"Dear, the Hathaways are here."

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Letters

Continued from page 31

dorned, take on the coloration of the land because they grow from the land."

Katharine Kuh has overlooked one great Israeli architect, the late Heinz Rau, and his finest creation, the Hebrew Union College Biblical and Archeological School of Jerusalem. I invite her to visit it on even the hottest summer day, with the assurance that she will find the interior cool, the light sufficient and subdued, the unadorned walls, rooms, and vaulted ceilings unostentatiously appealing. . . .

Deep consideration of the architecture of the near and ancient past preceded even the initial sketch on the part of the architect, who was deeply cognizant of the natural conditions of the land, including its fierce light and heat. The uncompromising honesty, stark simplicity, brilliantly devised and achieved architectural harmony of the school testify to the creative perfectionism of a great architect, which is essentially what Heinz Rau was. He incorporated into our building, in modern terms and techniques, the projection into our own day of the finest architectural traditions of the country's past. Our building crowns its elevation as naturally and properly and unpretentiously as do the olive trees in our garden.

Nelson Glueck,
President,
Hebrew Union College—
Jewish Institute of Religion.
Cincinnati, O.

I have been a Jew for eighteen years, one of which was spent in Israel in study. As yet I have remained unaware of the distinction between Jew and Sabra which Miss Kuh seems to emphasize. For example: "Today Israel is a medley of so many peoples—Arabs, Druses, Christians, *Sabras*, and especially *Jews*." As far as I know, an Israeli or Sabra is merely a specific type of Jew; *i.e.*, one born in Israel.

Sheila Handler.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Editor's note: *Miss Handler is correct. It should not have been implied that a Sabra is not a Jew.*

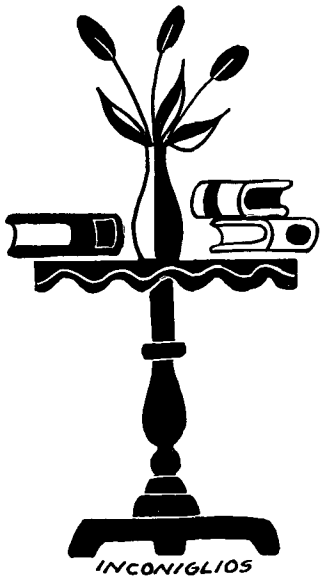
Eve Is Where You Find Her

As an artist I was both amused and surprised by the item in the Trade Winds column of February 12 concerning the casting of Eve in the forthcoming film *The Bible*. I would not argue with anthropologist Montagu's theory that Adam and Eve were probably black. However, in the absence of proof, I am willing to give director John Huston his artistic prerogative in casting a Swedish girl in the role of Eve. After all, Eden is where you find it.

A survey of the world's great art seems to weigh in favor of the tradition of a light-haired Eve. On the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, Michelangelo portrayed the original man and his mate as blonds and a hundred years prior to that the great Florentine painter, Masaccio (1401-28) depicted the pair as fair-haired in his *Expulsion of Adam and Eve* in the Brancacci Chapel in Florence.

Perhaps the concept of divinity and purity should be assayed in all the many skin tones of this race-conscious century but most of the great masterpieces created during the period when religious art reached its peak showed the biblical figures with light tresses. Raphael (Umbrian School, 1483-1520) painted his *Madonna of the Goldfinch* as a blonde; the great Florentine Botticelli (1444-1510) created a blonde Virgin in *The Nativity* and the two great Flemish artists, Jan Van Eyck (1383-1441) and Hans Memling (1430-1494) painted her with honey-colored hair in their respective canvases, *The Ince Hall Madonna* and *Madonna and Child*.

Of course, any self-respecting art student between here and the Hermitage could probably counter each one of these classic works by naming a dark-haired Madonna.



El Greco, for example (Spanish, 1541-1614) painted the Mother of God with dark hair and so did the Florentine Giotto as far back as the thirteenth century in his immortal *The Deposition*. All this merely proves that art and anthropology have very little in common.

On the other side of the moral fence, it can be pointed out that Botticelli's sexy *Venus* is a flaming blonde. The argument could go on and on and no one but a copy writer for a Clairol commercial would dare make an unequivocal statement on the subject.

The only standard by which we must judge John Huston's Eve in *The Bible* is the merit of its conception as art. I fully expect that the next argument to arise is whether the fatal apple was a McIntosh or a Yellow Delicious. Unfortunately, the Good Book does not help much in arriving at this decision any more than it does in the description of Eve's hair-coloring. Perhaps in His infinite wisdom the good Lord was more interested in the lady's soul than in her coiffure.

Margit Beck.
Great Neck, N.Y.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 5G, 7J, 12A, 4I, 2C, 11L, 10D, 1K, 9H, 3F, 6B, 8E.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

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Recording Life-in-Process

By MARGARET R. WEISS

CRITICS WHO separate "art that involves" from "art that detaches" would find it difficult to classify Dorothea Lange's photography. For its creative insigne—and no small part of its strength and durability—has been the immediacy with which it invites both emotional involvement and reflective detachment.

In essence, this defines the character of Dorothea Lange the woman as well as Lange the photographer. Her intuitive responses to the human condition were insights filtered through the prism of intelligence; her way of knowing was also her art of seeing.

Somewhere in her unpublished notes she had written, "A photographer's files are, in a sense, his autobiography." And the gallery walls of the Museum of Modern Art, where her first major retrospective has been installed, echo the truth of that observation.

The task of selecting 200 representative prints for the exhibit was her own private retrospective. "Learning out of my own past" was how she described the critical process of extracting from each documentary file those subjects that crystallized the essence of a situation rather than its particular circumstances. During months of sorting and sifting negatives, shifting and changing print arrangements on the huge wallboards above her files, she worked alone or with John Szarkowski, director of the museum's photography department—but always against time in the shadow of terminal illness.

Now as the exhibition viewer advances from panel to panel, from wall to wall, what he sees represents the visual autobiography of Dorothea Lange. Implicit is the prologue: Even while still a student at the New York Training School for Teachers, she had decided to become a photographer. With a gift camera from Arnold Genthe and the basics of photography taught by Clarence H. White at Columbia, she made her way from a rented chicken-coop darkroom on the Palisades to a portrait studio of her own in San Francisco.

The confining studio, static portraiture, posed subjects, synthetic backgrounds—these could not long satisfy one convinced that life meant life-in-process. For Lange, people existed in a rhythmic flow of relationships; man lived in symbiosis with his physical and social environment. It was to reveal this organic reality that she used her camera, producing what her friend George P. Elliott has termed "art for life's sake." Not concerned with abstract symbols, she sought out, scrutinized, and really saw individuals. Her subjects became prototypes—even archetypes in some instances—but not stereotypes. There was a fine distinction made between the meaningful detail and the merely incidental.

It was these qualities in her early self-assigned coverage of the San Francisco scene that brought her photography its first exhibition at Willard Van Dyke's studio in 1934, and in turn the attention of Paul S. Taylor, a University of California economics professor whose co-worker and wife she became a year later. Serving as visual reporter for their collaborative social-research projects, she grew increasingly aware of how powerful an instrument of communication and persuasion the camera could be.

Sharecroppers, Eutah, Alabama, 1937.

—*Paul S. Taylor*

Dorothea Lange in 1953 —"art for life's sake."

Lange Photos Courtesy Museum of Modern Arts.

IN the decade that followed, many readers were to sense that power as they looked at her incisive documentation of migratory workers, of Japanese-American relocation camps, of the United Nations Conference. Later, too, there were longer, more leisurely nongovernment assignments—photo essays on "The New California," on Mormon communities, on Ireland, and on the peoples of Asia, Egypt, and South America—and the continuing pictorial chronicling of her own family and home.

"Whether Dorothea's camera focused on stoop labor in the lettuce fields, delegates around the conference table, villagers in the Nile Valley, or patients in a Venezuelan government hospital." Professor Taylor remarked during a recent visit to New York, "her special 'seeing' was seeing *relationships*. That's what mattered most to her: the relationships of people to people, people to place—to season—to home and garden, photo to photo, subject to subject, tonality to tonality."

The museum retrospective conveys much of this to the viewer. Themed wall legends and panel arrangements signal "relatedness," which readies the eye for seeing more intrinsic relationships.

Dorothea Lange's visual autobiography would not be complete without an epilogue. And she left us one in *Project I*—her blueprint for "a national cultural resource in the form of a file of photographs." The project's photographic unit would comb the country documenting all aspects of contemporary urban life, not only outward appearance but inner values, purposes, and dangers. She has shown the way.

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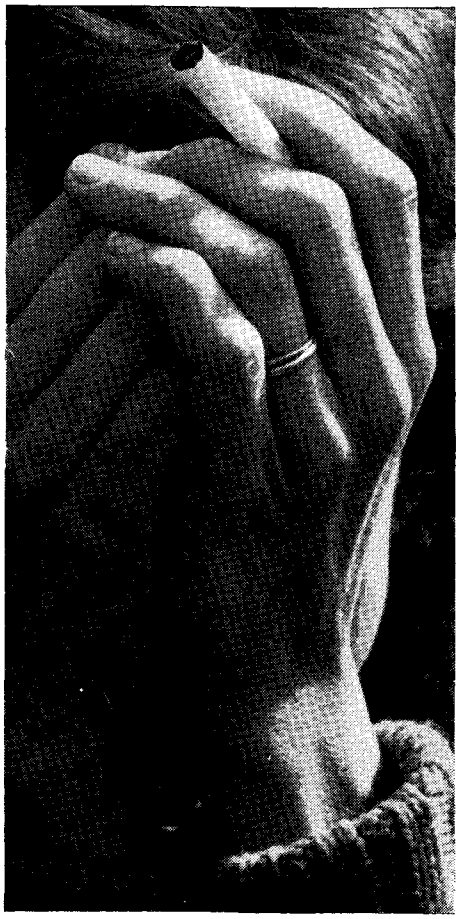

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1. Bad Trouble over the Weekend. 1964

2. Greenville, Mississippi. 1938

3. Nile Village, Egypt. 1963

4. Country Road, County Clare, Ireland. 1954

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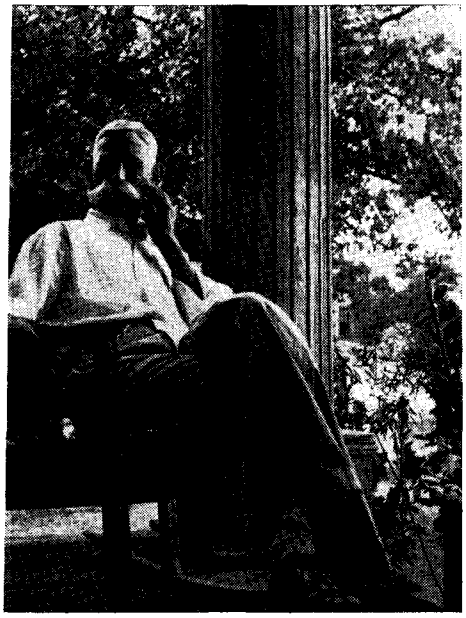

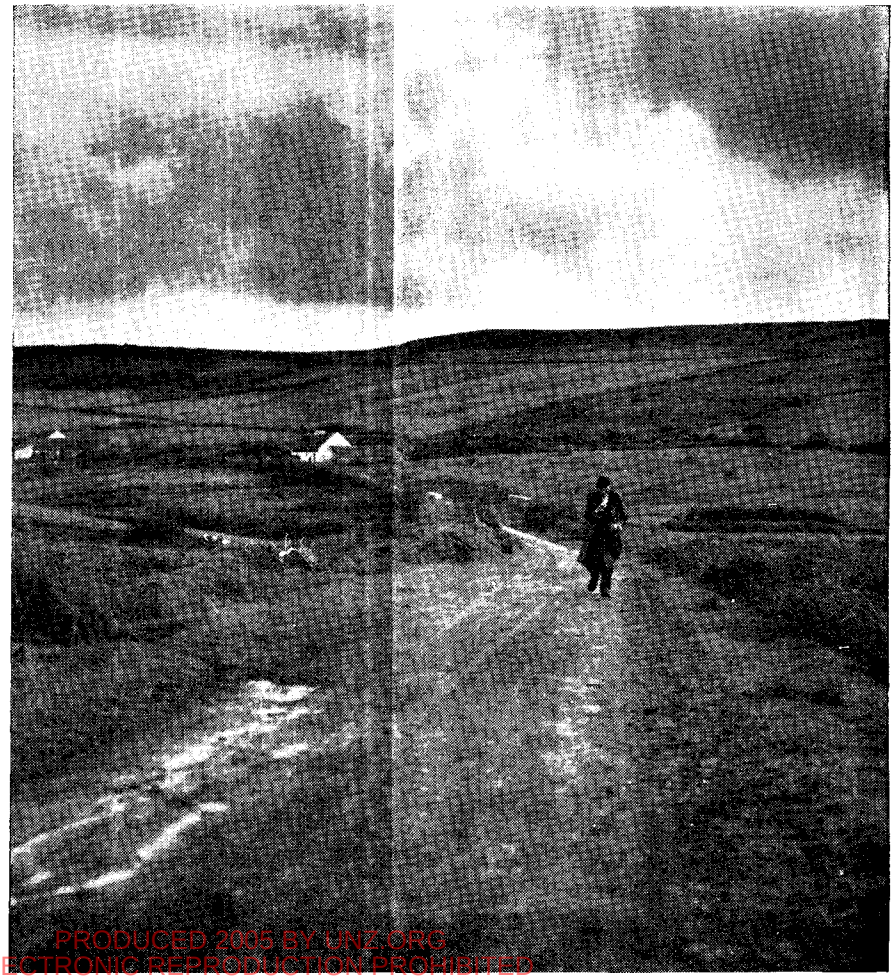

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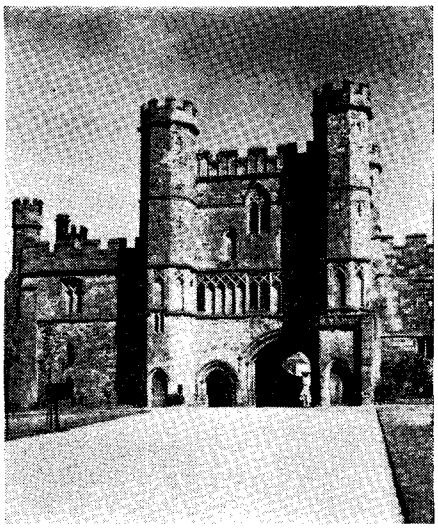
900 Years and All That

IF THE RAF had faltered in the Battle of Britain, and if Hitler had been successful with his plans to cross the Channel, the Germans would have accomplished the first successful invasion of England since 1066. But Hitler chose to retire behind the guns and wires of Festung Europa, and the stunning accomplishment of William the Conqueror, who sent 650 flatboats across the Channel bearing his knights and his horses, his men-at-arms and his prefabricated fortresses to do battle on English soil, remains a date to be remembered in all history.

It was only an eight-hour fracas that started at nine and was over at five, but in the course of what is now one working day, and probably without time out for lunch, William the Conqueror defeated Harold Godwin and changed England's destiny for all time. So far-reaching were the effects that 1066 is remembered in Britain as indelibly as 1492 and 1776 are on this side of the sea. It normally takes very little to inspire a festival in Britain—I shouldn't wonder if they plan to celebrate the invention of the bowler one day—so a date as portentous as the 900th anniversary of 1066, which falls this year, requires a celebration in full bravura.

There are now sixteen towns called Hastings in the world, but the progenitor of them all, a seaside resort some six miles from the 900-year-old battlefield, has been planning ahead for this year for almost a lifetime. A triodrome, whatever that is, will be erected to house a diorama of the battle. A pictorial embroidery must by now be nearing completion, a product of London's Royal School of Needlework which is requiring 243 feet to display eighty-one pictures of the great events of British history beginning with the Norman conquest. The nearby town called Battle is planning a *Son et Lumière* portrayal at the Abbey built by William after his success in the invasion. The altar rests on the very spot where Harold fell. At Pevensey, the largest gathering of small craft since Dunkirk will congregate to commemorate William's landing. At last report, subject to the state of digestion in the higher echelons at Paris, there will be a deputization of dignitaries from France.

Some sort of commemoration is being planned for cities in one way or another associated with the fateful day 900 years ago, and they include Caen, Rouen, Dives-Sur-Mer, and London. William was crowned in Westminster Abbey, which is also commemorating *its* 900th anniversary. The abbey was the idea of Edward the Confessor, last of the Saxon kings who had preceded Harold on the throne. Edward had planned to make a pilgrimage to Rome, but not really being disposed to make the journey, he received a dispensation on condition that he found an abbey. The abbey was completed almost as Edward died and he was buried in it. But Edward died having promised his throne both to Harold and William. Edward was hardly dead a full day before the council of the rulers of the people met and gave the throne to Harold. In the early fall of that momentous year, William sailed against Harold and on Christmas Day he was crowned king at Westminster Abbey.



Edward the Confessor had died leaving no heirs, but of all England's provincial people who were just learning to live together, he was by far the most powerful. Kings were not then rulers but fighters, and Harold was the best of them. Across the Channel, the fame of Duke William of Normandy had spread across the Continent. He had been promised the throne of England by Edward, and as if that were not enough reason to seize it, he won the concurrence of Philip I of France and of Pope Alexander II. The Pope allowed William to carry his banner, a sign that Alexander recognized William as the true king of England.

To complicate the intrigue there was also Tostig, Harold's brother. Harold had banished him from the kingdom and Tostig had retreated to Norway, where he lay pouting and waiting for a chance to even the score. There may have been some complicity with William, but Tostig was angry enough in his own right to cause trouble. In September, just before William mounted his own invasion force, Tostig sailed against Harold Godwin aboard the Viking ships of Harold III, King of Norway.

As the Scandinavians rowed up the Humber River they were met by the Northumbrians, but Tostig invaded York and crowned himself. Harold now raced forward to meet the invaders at Stamford Bridge outside of York. Tostig was killed and the Norwegians were repelled, but Harold lost many of his Housecarls, who were considered to be

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among the Western world's most illustrious soldiers.

With Harold thus occupied, William landed his 650 flat-bottomed boats in Sussex and took Pevensey Castle. There was no opposition. Military strategists, looking back over the battle from the safe vantage of 900 years, say it might have fared better for Harold had he called up reinforcements and given his troops a rest, William, however, did his best to provoke an immediate attack, and knowing Harold's nature he stomped like an overbearing invader through the alien fields. Harold marched his forces 250 miles in eleven days and drew his troops into position along Senlac Hill. It was October 13. The next morning William's scouts told him of the clever deployment and sought God's help, vowing to build an abbey should he win the day.

William's men marched eight miles and donned their armor. The main force were professional cavalrymen, but there were also infantrymen, sword and spear carriers, and companies of archers most of whom carried the Norman shortbow. The cavalry, dressed in their armor and carrying lances held level or swords and axes which they swung fearfully, were a mighty force. Against them was a seemingly impenetrable wall of Englishmen who were protected by their huge shields and who fought with battle axes and spears and the double-edge sax, a weapon from which the Saxons got their name.

Secure behind the fortification of their leather-wrapped wooden shields, the English force took the barrage of the Norman bowmen. When the archers came closer the English let loose a counterfire of spears and of stones tied on throwing handles. Then the cavalry charged and fared no better; the English line held firm. Now came the turning point. Some historians say that Harold, flushed with his initial success, called for an English charge. Others say that he gave the order to hold the line, but that militiamen defied his command in the excitement of battle, and lunged forward after the invaders. They were badly mauled. William is said to have lured a new charge by pretending to retreat, and another force of militia followed, once more to be massacred. The highly arched arrows cut off their retreat and one stray shaft coming down from a high angle caught Harold in the eye. He dropped to one knee, and that was enough to spread doom through his ranks. The Norman horsemen rode once more, and this time they cracked the line and Harold was killed.

William built his abbey and brought over Benedictine monks to "weary heaven with atoning prayers." Academicians have never come to terms over Hastings. Some argue that the effect was beneficial to Britain, others that it was a disaster. The country fell under the heavy yoke of the Norman kings, who brought to England all sorts of claims on the French territory they had left. So began the long series of wars between England and France.

The strain of Norman blood which William brought to England had a marked effect on the future of the country. The Normans were in effect, as the name suggests, Norsemen, for William and his conquerors were descended from Danes who had long ago come to live on the French coast. Harold and his army were both Saxon and Scandinavian, some of them Danes who came from the north on forays, and stayed to enjoy the pleasures of victory. The Battle of Hastings, so President de Gaulle might be disappointed to realize, was not a victory of the forces of France over England, but really a battle between Scandinavians. The will and the power to explore and to colonize lay deep in their genes, and in the centuries that followed it forged England and all Britain into an international power roaming far over the seas, spreading colonies and creating an empire.

The conquerors also carried Norman law across the Channel. Their architectural talents gave England its cathedrals at Gloucester, Oxford, St. Albans, and Norwich, castles at Dover and Pevensey, and the Tower of London itself, whose White Tower was built by the Conqueror to awe all London. Some say the modern British nation was conceived at Hastings because it merged the Celts, the Romans, the Anglo-Saxons, the Scandinavians, and the Normans into one country. Queen Elizabeth herself is a descendant of William the Conqueror, in the twenty-ninth generation.

This year, nine centuries afterwards, Britain will mark that eight-hour battle by floodlighting Westminster Abbey. There are to be lectures on the abbey, exhibitions of Coronations, entertainments by stage and screen stars, garden parties, and "a fayre" to be held aboard Thames River barges. Washington's Episcopal cathedral is sending its choir to sing in the abbey two weeks after Easter.

It will be a prime year to visit William's abbey (known as Battle Abbey), which was built according to his vow but finished after his death. For 500 years the abbey endured until Henry VIII's order in the sixteenth century which suppressed more than 600 religious centers. Henry gave the abbey to his friend, Sir Anthony Browne, and told him to demolish it and build a manor house with its bricks. The house that Browne built has become today the Battle Abbey Girls' School, a seat of young feminine learning standing amid the ruins of the monastery. It is still possible to stand on the terraces, which run along a part of Harold's redoubtable line of defense, as thousands do each year.

From Hastings it will be a timely drive to Bosham (ask for Bozzam) with its memories of Harold, to Chichester with its Norman cathedral built on top of an old Saxon church, to Solent where Harold had mobilized his militia, to Winchester, the Norman capital where William laid plans for the Doomsday Book which surveyed the wealth of the land and left a record of the conditions in the new Britain twenty years after. There in that capital city in the Hampshire countryside, the Conqueror's curfew rings nightly to remind the populace that only 900 years have passed since William's landing. As if the Western world would ever forget.

—Horace Sutton.

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Going Through Emigration

ONE REASON Brian Friel's new Irish play, *Philadelphia, Here I Come!*, is so likable may be that it so honestly assesses two unsatisfactory civilizations: inhibited and materially impoverished Ireland and its opposite, America. The playwright's view seems to be that Ireland's tragedy is the constant emigration of its best young people, and that the Irish emigrant's tragedy is that his achievement elsewhere is rootless and disconnected. For the play's entire action is its protagonist's sometimes humorous, sometimes sad, search for any reason to stay where his roots are.

To make this search more dramatic, Mr. Friel has employed the device of having one actor, Patrick Bedford, deliver young Gareth's outward behavior, and another, Donal Donnelly, portray the same character's private self. The latter argues and provokes, hopes and laments, underlines and comments, but surprisingly enough emerges as almost more real than the actual Gareth. Under Hilton Edwards's sensitive direction these two fine young Irish actors never rest on the device and thereby avoid the danger of tedium.

While the author doesn't demonstrate a capacity for writing dialogue comparable to that of an O'Casey or a Behan ("You wait, says she, till the rosary's over and the kettle's on" is about as lyrical as he gets), his powers of observation permit him to recreate characters with telling accuracy. Most memorable of these are Mairin D. O'Sullivan's aged womanservant whose affection goes unrewarded, Eamon Kelly's hoary father almost totally imprisoned within small habits, Eamon Morrissey's laconic hanger-on, and Mavis Villier's flashy Philadelphian whose loud talk only makes her hidden emptiness more apparent.

Furthermore, like *The Glass Menagerie*, this play expresses a tender awareness of how memory distills events, with the evening's nicest irony being that the uncommunicative father remembers his son through one past incident, while the lonely young man remembers his father through a different one. But the tragic fact is that neither can recall the other's incident.

Because it is such an honest piece of work the play ends inconclusively, and one feels that the playwright may have missed an opportunity to allow the private Gareth to stir us with a more passionate and poetic summing up. Nevertheless, *Philadelphia, Here I Come!*, achieves great poignancy without pretension and deserves to be widely appreciated.

CHICAGO is America's second-largest city, but so far no one has come up with a means of providing its citizens with first-rate theater, beyond occasional touring productions of last season's Broadway fare. Probably the city's best hope for quick improvement would be a stepping-up in quality of the offerings at the Goodman Theatre. The latter is ideally located in the center of town, has excellent parking facilities, and has an experienced corps of directors and designers capable of working at top professional level. However, up until now the Goodman has been struggling under several handicaps. Understandably the Chicago Art Institute, of which it is a part, has insisted that it remain a school of acting, and the best that its faculty has been able to accomplish is the augmentation of some of its major productions with one or two imported professional actors. Within these restrictions the Goodman has done well and built up a devoted audience. Nevertheless, it would be impossible for the Goodman theatergoer not to notice the drop-off in skill from the imported guest actors to the inexperienced students. And at least one Chicago businessman, Arnold Maremont, has long urged that the Goodman undertake to supply Chicago with completely professional presentations.

Now, thanks to the University of Chicago and its adventurous provost, Edward H. Levi, the feasibility of such a necessarily subsidized operation is being tested, not at the Goodman, but with the Goodman staff on a makeshift stage in one of the university's lecture halls. The project, made possible by a $15,000 Rockefeller Foundation grant, was designed to find out how Chicago theatergoers would respond to a professional production of a classic drama, and from this to determine what measures the university might take in assisting the further development of the performing arts in Chicago's metropolitan area.

The Art Institute's president, William McCormick Blair, welcomed collaboration with the university and approved the use of Goodman's staff for the project. Goodman's director, John Reich, was then invited to carry it out. Taking Richard Wilbur's translation of Molière's *The Misanthrope*, Reich assembled a cast of eight professionals and two advanced Goodman students and went to work.

The result is delightful. At first, Joseph Maronek's gold and black re-creation of a seventeenth-century drawing room seems authentic, if strangely lively. Only gradually do we discover that it has been fashioned out of such pop art materials as washboards, cake tins, and percolators. In front of it the actors present the same mixture of period and contemporary. As the misanthropic Alceste, George Grizzard is marvelously morose. Through a judicious borrowing of vocal inflections from Tallulah Bankhead and Jackie Gleason, he mocks his own blasé worldweariness and dramatized lugubriousness. Yet his conception is ultimately a man torn between his irrational desire for the pretty but shallow Célimène and his need to pose as a truthful man in a hypocritical world. Thus his most delicious moment is the one in which he whimpers in ecstasy as his perfidious fiancée stifles his accusations with an embrace. As Célimène, Barbara Baxley is pure minx, neatly twisting all men around her little finger. Her timing and inflections are exquisite and she breathes stunningly direct and intense vitality into Célimène's clever excoriation of her despised "friend," Arsinoe. The latter is viciously yet gracefully portrayed by Brenda Forbes. Lee Richardson's Philinte warmly pleads the case for common sense, and Geneva Bugbee and Maurice Copeland stand out in supporting roles. Most important of all, director Reich has blended his performers, the play, and the design elements superbly and with refreshing audacity.

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He clearly demonstrates his and the present Goodman Theatre staff's ability to produce the kind of lively professional theater Chicago so desperately needs.

In Philadelphia, the fourth-largest U.S. city, the theater drought is less acute because proximity to New York guarantees it numerous pre-Broadway tours of new shows. However, it is pleasant to report that Philadelphia's resident professional Theatre of the Living Arts, now in its second season, continues to bring an excitement to its productions that is too often lacking in the Broadway product. Its current presentation of Jean Anouilh's *Poor Bitos* is a case in point. Director Andre Gregory refuses to rest on the literary brilliance of the script and instead turns it into a theater-of-cruelty nightmare. In Eugene Lee's interesting constructivist setting we encounter on the one hand a decadent ruling class and on the other a petty public prosecutor incorruptible by friendship, torture, or money, but, alas, vulnerable to his own innate snobbery. Which is the more loathsome? In this production we sympathize with neither side. Rather, we watch the cruel baiting of Bitos under the guise of a game of let's pretend in which Bitos becomes Robespierre and his persecutors other characters in the French Revolution. Mr. Gregory is boldly inventive, and the evening is filled with shock, ranging from a startling glimpse of Madame Tallien in her historically accurate costume of a toga that left one breast bare to sudden explosions in which the stage seems to erupt into a shower of light, or a montage of stop-action flashes in which Bitos can express his repressed torment in overt agonized gestures. And in the last act a nymphomaniacal debutante pulls out all stops as she seduces Bitos out of his principles.

The company is excellent. George Bartenieff gives us a Bitos who seems intelligent enough to see through his persecutors so that we must assume his weakness is neurotic. Anthony Zerbe is exultant as the diabolical host, Jerome Dempsey emanates a devastating impeccability as the most aristocratic of the guests. David Hurst bursts with frightening joviality as a ruthless tycoon. Sally Kirkland gives a way-out performance as the thrill-seeking debutante. And Flora Elkins's Mme. Tallien is so fetching that we sigh for the charm of a bygone era.

Admittedly, Mr. Gregory's visually-minded interpretation necessarily slights some of the play's verbal subtleties, but like *Marat/Sade,* it is welcomed for its adventurous use of artistic imagination, for its animal vitality, and for the more immediate way it causes us to respond to the play's universal and basic contest of forces. —Henry Hewes.

TV AND RADIO

Giving the Doves a Break

IN THE weeks ahead television and radio will almost certainly step up their coverage of the war in Vietnam and of the growing debate between President Johnson's Administration and its critics in Congress. And it is growing fast. Eric Sevareid, on *The Councils of War,* a recent Special Report on CBS-TV, spoke of "the formal and official raising of doubts by responsible men, probing into the conduct and legality of the war and its ultimate outcome." The ordinary citizen will nonetheless be hard pressed to make up his own mind about what the country should do in Southeast Asia. The correspondents on the air—reporting, commenting, reflecting—can be of great help to him if they will deliberately give more attention to the arguments of the critics of the Administration than to the President and his team. The proposal may seem unfair. Why not give an evenly balanced picture?

A recent occurrence provides grounds for argument. CBS and NBC Television News covered the first day of the public hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, at which David E. Bell, the President's foreign aid chief, presented the Executive Department's request for supplementary appropriations. Mr. Bell's testimony and his responses to the questions put to him by Senator Fulbright, the chairman, and by other members of the committee made fascinating and informative viewing. It was a privilege to hear Mr. Bell coolly filtering the Administration arguments for escalation in Vietnam, to watch the velvet probing of Senator Fulbright, the brittle defense of the Administration by Senator Lausche, and the direct, uncompromising challenges of Senator Morse. The Oregon gadfly was easily the most newsworthy of the questioners, with his bold refusal to accept the proposal that Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara be heard by the committee behind closed doors. "This Administration has led the American people down the road to government by secrecy," Senator Morse said, "and I will not be a party to it."

That night the NBC and CBS evening news reports presented excerpts from the day's hearing. The NBC selection seemed reasonably accurate in reflecting what had happened. Although CBS included a statement by Senator Morse, it ignored his impressive attack on "secrecy in government." How could a responsible editor miss the most important part of the proceedings? Was it "manipulation" or an error in judgment? The editor could undoubtedly justify his selection. It could probably be attributed to a mere difference of opinion, an editor's choice. But how can the viewer be sure that an editor is objective? For that matter, how can the editor himself be sure?

The question is vital if we are to sustain the proposition that the thinking voter in our democracy is sovereign. There is little doubt that an Administration, once it arrives at a considered policy, uses every propaganda weapon to advance that policy. There is little doubt that it has the advantage over its critics in creating the news when it has majority opinion behind it. The President's hastily arranged Honolulu trip in the face of mounting Senate pressure for the testimony of the "hawks" is evidence of that. For fallible television news editors who must make quick judgments, the policy of favoring the Administration critics would thus seem a reasonable one. There's no danger of cheating the Administration of its fair share of coverage; it cannot fail to get the lion's share anyway. It is the sharpest attacks of the critics that we must seek out and broadcast. I cannot remember which of the CBS correspondents said it on *The Councils of War,* but it was well said, quoting President John F. Kennedy: "The men who question power contribute as much as the men who use power."

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

Epitaph for a Light Lady

By John Frederick Nims

ONCE, lovely Chloe here asleep in clay
Warmed with warm flesh whatever place she lay.
And now so long abed, yet cold as stone?
And—so unlike our Chloe—sleep alone?

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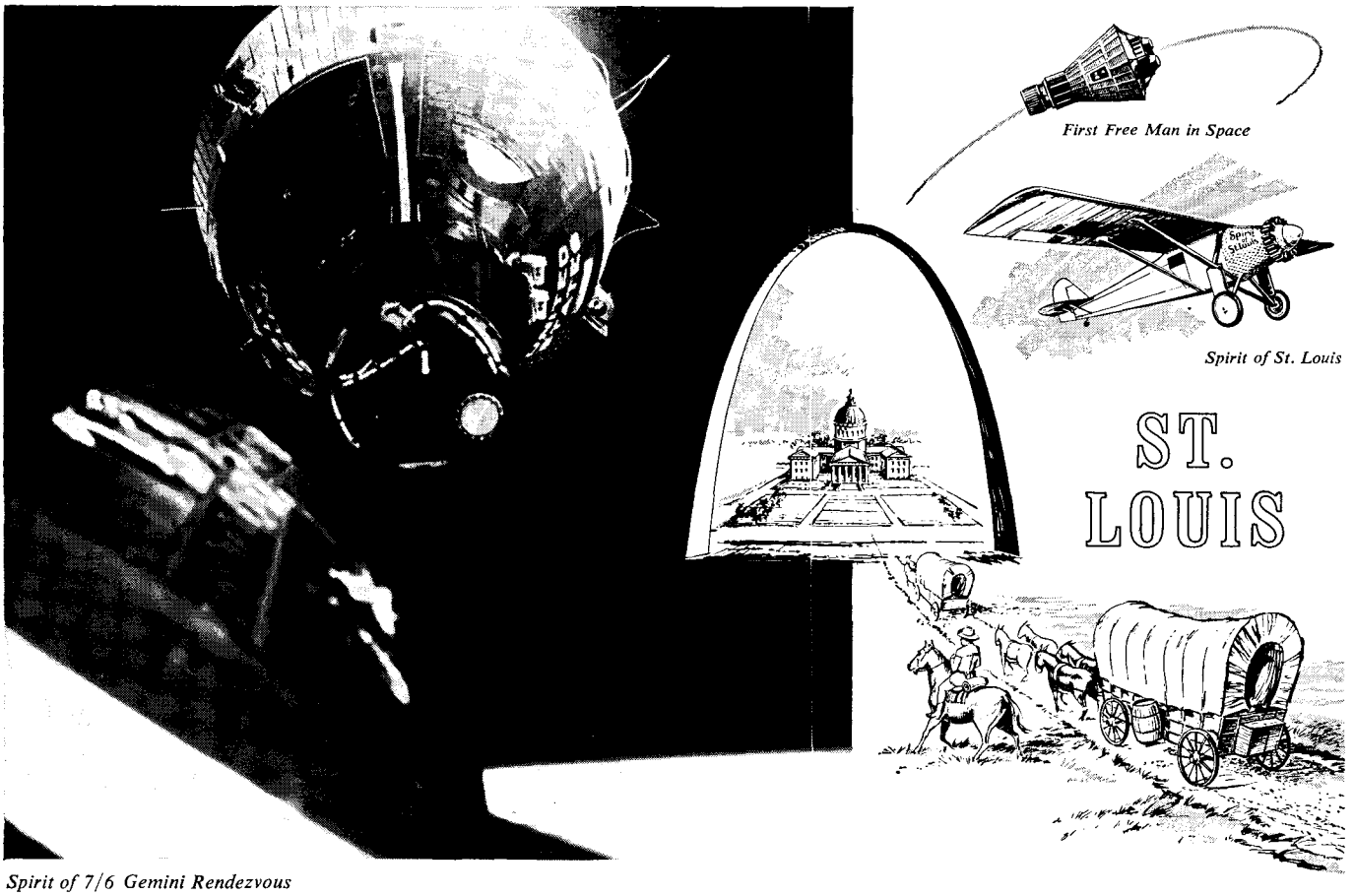

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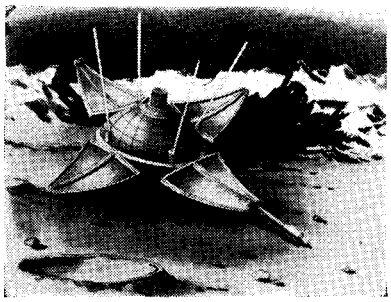

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RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE ROBOT ON THE MOON

A FUNNY thing happened to Luna 9's TV pictures on their way back from the moon.

These photographs were the first ever taken on the moon's surface, and Luna 9, a robot made in Russia, sent them home to earth in answer to a radioed order from the Russian steppes.

Waiting to catch them, on the night of Thursday, February 3, 1966, was a battery of eight small radio telescopes in the Crimea. Through broken clouds the full moon shone almost straight down on those upturned saucers as clocks in Moscow were just about to strike ten.

Over the horizon, hundreds of miles and three hours of sun time off to the west, a far vaster listening dish—250 feet across—stood cocked at a sharp angle across the meadows of Jodrell Bank, near Manchester, in England. This giant radio telescope, too, stared at the moon, which had not yet risen very far into the sky over Britain.

Sir Bernard Lovell, the noted astronomer in charge of this world-famous instrument of interplanetary space exploration, had been tracking the moon-bound ship on which Luna 9 had been riding since the day after the voyage began on January 31. He knew the correct wave length of the electromagnetic spectrum to tune to because the Russians had made this same trip at least four and perhaps six times before, each time using the identical communications channel: 183.538 megacycles.

It was only late afternoon of February 3 at Jodrell Bank when the tracking chore for that day began. The sun was still well up, dominating a clear-skied day, as the incoming messages revealed the moonship steadily accelerating under the pull of lunar gravity. The Tass correspondent in London had misunderstood the advices he got from his home office in Moscow and had told Sir Bernard there was no particular urgency about setting up a watch for the night. The landing, the correspondent said, would not be due until London's Big Ben boomed ten.

According to that timetable, something must be out of joint in the neighborhood of the moon. The moonship slowed its pace abruptly long before the brakes should have gone on for a 10 o'clock UT (Universal, or Greenwich meridian, time) arrival. Through the electrical nerves of his big dish, Sir Bernard could almost feel the retrorockets firing. The dusk was holding the night at bay, at 6:45 P.M. UT, when the incoming chatter suddenly died. The moonship had hit the moon.

For almost five minutes after that, the Jodrell Bank telescope heard nothing further. Then Luna 9 itself, the automatic moon observatory that had ridden the Russian moonship's nose, began to report what it felt and saw.

All these happenings were recorded on magnetic tape, in the same cautious scientific tradition that keeps photographic plates continually capturing records of events in the sky as seen through the eyepieces of optical telescopes.

AT first the messages sounded like one of the simpler codes in which facts are transmitted in the form of binary numbers (zeros and ones—sounds and silences) over long-distance telemetry. But after ten minutes the signal pattern changed remarkably in character.

"Don't you recognize that, Sir Bernard?" asked his Jodrell Bank colleague, Professor John G. Davies. "It's the same as the one we got off the Echo 2!"

The Echo 2 balloon experiment had been an international one in which TV pictures were shuttled across the heavens and under the sea from Telstar to America to Jodrell Bank to Russia. Done in 1964, the work remained memorable because the facsimile photographs involved were of a standard format, in which one pencil-thin line of alternating light and shade was laid down every second until a thousand lines fit side-by-side into a black and white rectangular image measuring eleven by ten inches.

All British newspapers big enough to feature pictures to any appreciable extent have in their engraving shops machines capable of recording photographs in this standard pattern from electrical signals transmitted over telephone or telegraph wires. Aware of this situation, Sir Bernard asked the newsmen assembled at Jodrell Bank that day (they had come to hear whatever news the radio telescope might bring from Luna 9) if any of them would care to join in a popular science experiment. Could any one of them persuade the paper he worked for to lend Jodrell Bank a facsimile picture receiver?

The man from London's *Daily Express* volunteered to try.

BACK in Moscow that night, Tass waited an hour after the Luna 9 landing and then broadcast an official announcement of the exploit:

> Moscow speaking. Here is a Tass announcement:
>
> An outstanding achievement of science and technology: At 21:45 Luna 9 achieved a soft landing in the Ocean of Storms. A communication link has been established with the earth.

That some of the communications might consist of photographs was not disclosed to the Russian people either in the radio reports they heard that night or in the newspapers they read on the following morning. It was simply stated that scientific instruments aboard Luna 9 were functioning and that their readings were being transmitted to earth on a wave length of 183.538 megacycles. Luna 9's position on the moon was given

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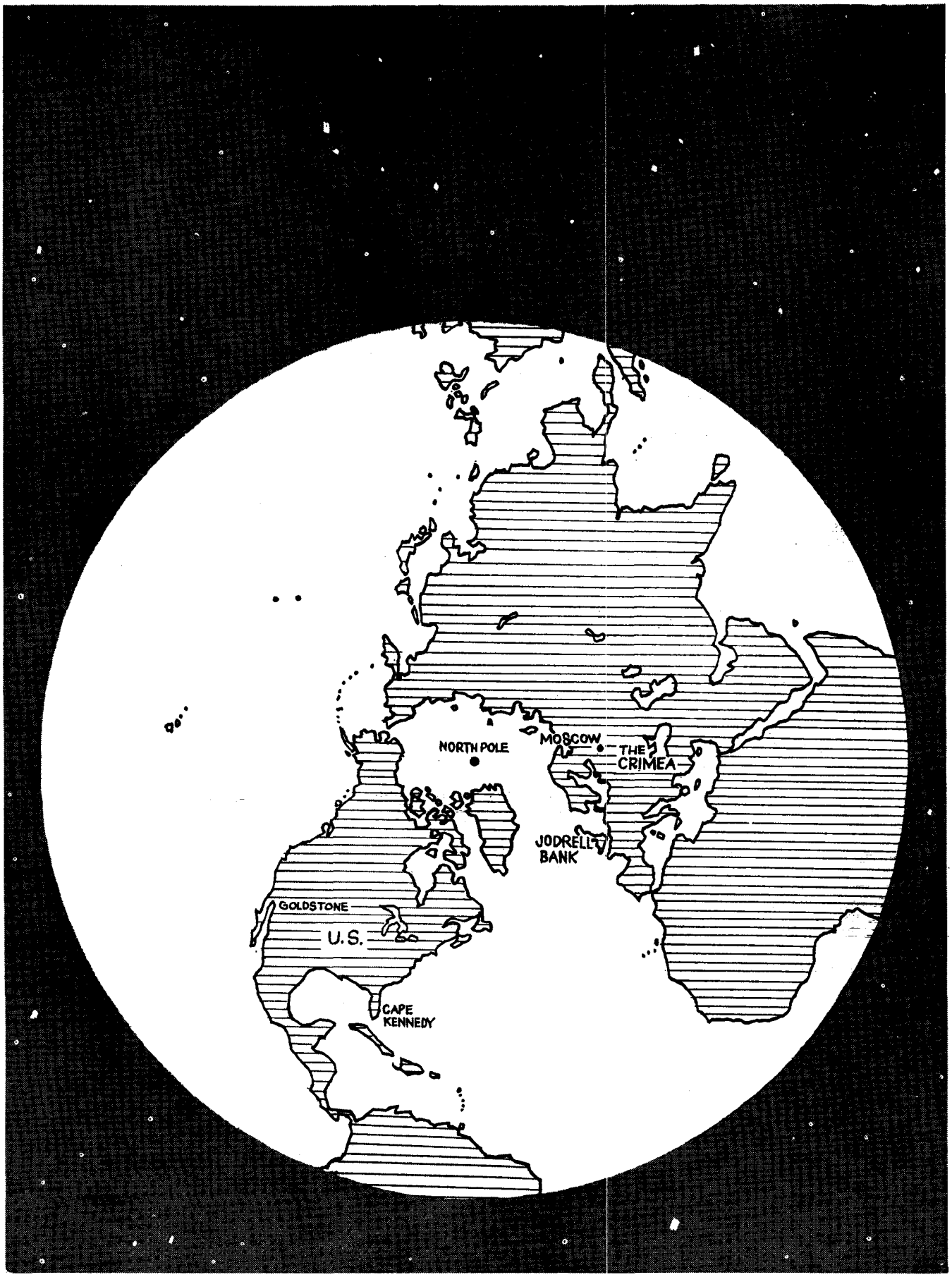

—Doug Anderson in consultation with Dr. K. L. Franklin, Hayden Planetarium-American Museum Natural History.

How earth was lighted by full moon (opposite page) at time of Luna 9 landing. Note zenith over Persian Gulf. Any point within golden cap could receive TV pictures by line-of-sight.

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only roughly: west of the lunar craters Reiner and Marius.

In New York City, however, Thursday afternoon's radio news broadcasts and early-evening editions of the newspapers (the Luna 9 landing occurred at 1:45 P.M., Eastern Standard Time) were already adding mention of the picture-signal pattern received at Jodrell Bank to the bare facts issued in Moscow.

By the time the earth turned England into the dawn of Friday, February 4, the *Daily Express* man assigned to Jodrell Bank had persuaded his editors to lend Sir Bernard Lovell a standard wirephoto receiver. By the time the moon rose over the Jodrell Bank horizon again, the machine was already hitched to Sir Bernard's radio telescope.

THERE is a deceptively sleepy look on Sir Bernard's face much of the time. It may have misled the reporters around him to suppose that he was utterly confident of the results of his experiment with the borrowed picture receiver. He went about his usual business in the laboratory apparently unconcerned with the technicians who were struggling to adjust the machine, and they finally had to summon him from the lab to see the photos that emerged.

Later he told *SR*'s science editor on the transatlantic telephone that this whole episode had been misinterpreted. Actually, he said, he had been "surprised to find that the pictures of the lunar surface came out of the machine" and "amazed by their quality and definition."

On the science editor's invitation, Sir Bernard subsequently cabled a complete account, exclusively for *SR*'s readers, of how photos taken by a Russian robot on the moon were first published here on earth through the intervention of a radio telescope in the British Isles.

Sir Bernard's report is reproduced verbatim on pages 60 and 61. Perhaps out of modesty, it neglects to mention the uncanny skill with which seasoned astronomers can sometimes infer information from pictures of distant and hostile worlds. Although the first of the Luna 9 photos released by Jodrell Bank was long and skinny when it should have been short and fat, the essential features of the landing area were all accurately captured, and the horizon was shown to lie to the side rather than above the robot photographer. Sir Bernard correctly deduced from this one image that Luna 9 landed askew.

To avoid repetition, I shall refer my readers to Sir Bernard's account, taking space here only for a few pertinent points that he clarified in our telephone talk.

As he suggests in his own text, with justifiable pride, Professor Lovell is widely known and respected among astronomers for his efforts to bring about cooperation between Communist and non-Communist nations through the agency of his radio telescope. He had much more to lose than to gain by risking offense to the Russians. He kept in touch with the Tass correspondent in London to try to assure himself of certain knowledge of Moscow's intentions. The Tass correspondent knew that space was being held open in the pages of *Izvestia's* Saturday morning edition for illustrations of the Luna 9 voyage. He assumed, as any alert newsman would, that the illustrations would be the Crimean prints of the moon pictures received by TV at Jodrell Bank. He was probably even more surprised than Sir Bernard was to discover that the waiting hole in *Izvestia*'s columns was finally filled with unexciting propagandistic photos of the flags that the moonship carried along with Luna 9.

Sir Bernard's cautionary measures had not stopped with the Tass correspondent in London. They were extended to include direct TV observance of happenings in Moscow. There a press conference on Luna 9's voyage was televised to the Russian people on Friday. The Eurovision network carried the broadcast onto the continent and thus to Jodrell Bank. This press conference took place several hours before Sir Bernard gave his set of Luna 9's moon pictures to British newspaper and international wire service reporters. Everything he saw on the Moscow TV screen seemed to be leading up to a public interpretation of the pictures. When the Eurovision link was suddenly and irreparably broken, he saw no reason not to assume that the remainder of the press conference would follow the logical thread of the part he had witnessed and would conclude with a showing of the illustrations *Izvestia*'s editors were waiting for.

WHAT it was that knocked Eurovision off the Moscow TV circuit at a crucial moment in history is still as mysterious to Sir Bernard as why it was that the Luna 9 press conference in Moscow didn't end with a dramatic display of Luna 9's moon photos.

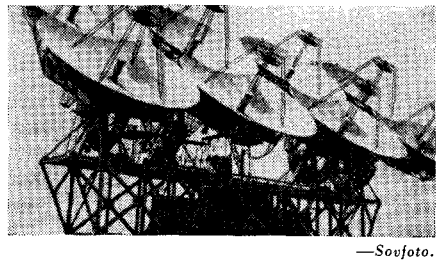
Even more curious to me than either of those questions is why the Russians designed Luna 9 to send its pictures in a simple pattern that almost any open-minded radio astronomer anywhere would recognize and easily copy. I asked Sir Bernard's opinion on this point.

"It's a very nice question," he replied. "A very nice question."

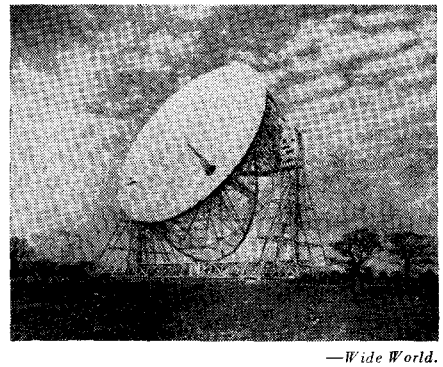
A possibly significant sidelight on the situation can be seen in the nature and extent of Russian criticism of Sir Bernard for making the Jodrell Bank pictures available to the other peoples of earth before the pictures were published in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Only one man has spoken out—a prominent scientist. He is Dr. Anatoly A. Blagonravov, chairman of the Soviet Commission for Exploration and Use of Outer Space, and his remarks have been directed to the difference in picture scaling already referred to here. The width of the Jodrell Bank reproductions had been compressed two and a half times, giving projections above the lunar surface a sharply jagged relief.

Sir Bernard first should have got "the information necessary for correct reproduction of the image," Dr. Blagonravov said. "Apparently some motives of a sensational nature played a role in this case. The most important thing in the interests of science is the trustworthiness of facts; the Soviet scientists were guided precisely by these considerations in carrying out such exceptionally important and responsible experiments."

This was a mild rebuke indeed. I remarked on the mildness of it to Sir Bernard on the telephone. I asked him whether he didn't think that if the Rus-



—*Sovfoto.*



—*Wide World.*

Crimean battery of small radio telescopes, not far off lunar zenith point (above) and (right) Jodrell Bank receiving dish.

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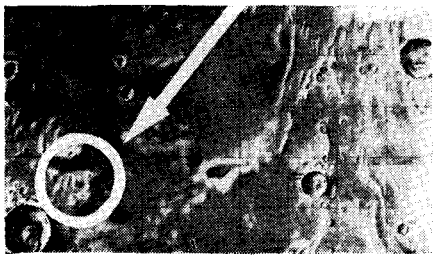

—*Sovfoto.*

Luna 9 landed near moon's equator not long after lunar sunrise.

sians really disapproved they would have raised a fierce chorus of protest.

"I am sure the Russians don't object to what we did," Sir Bernard replied. "I am sure they intended us to do the recordings. If they hadn't wanted us to receive the pictures, all they had to do was to command the Lunik one hour earlier than they did, and we would not have got the pictures. We can't receive anything from the moon before the moon rises above our horizon."

If the Russians were annoyed at all, the resentment didn't prevent them from working closely with Sir Bernard on another scientific experiment several days after the Luna 9 excitement subsided. Moscow bounced radar signals off planet Venus to the Jodrell Bank telescope, and Jodrell Bank bounced similar signals off Venus to Moscow.

FROM these and all the other facts that I have been able to gather about this affair, I am convinced that up to now the story of Luna 9 has been told from the wrong perspective. I think the true meaning of one of the most important events of the twentieth century has been missed. To me, it seems plain that the Russians not only wanted Sir Bernard Lovell to receive the pictures taken by their robot on the moon but actually waited for him to publish the pictures first. I can conceive of at least two excellent reasons why the Russians should have preferred such a course.

To begin with, Luna 9's pictures are a far more stunning technological brilliancy than anyone in Washington has publicly admitted. They belong in a totally different class from anything the Russians (or any other people) have done before. The two greatest Soviet spectaculars of the recent past—the orbiting of Sputnik 1 in 1957 and the first crash-landing on the moon in 1959—could be attributed, in company with many lesser feats, principally to the fortuitous construction of huge and powerful rockets to carry the earliest and crudest H-bombs. But the soft landing of Luna 9 entailed something much beyond brute power, considerably outside any dimensions of size. Built into Luna 9 was a subtle sophistication in cybernetic guidance that no one else on earth has yet demonstrated. These delicate precisions were successfully conveyed over a distance of thousands of miles.

Putting a spaceship into orbit around the earth, rocketing it out of orbit at the most favorable juncture for a chosen destination, turning the ship around in mid-voyage, shifting the angle of its course of travel—all these maneuvers have become commonplace. And all of them were performed at critical points in the voyage of Luna 9. What Luna 9 did after completing them (see sketches, page 63) was to respond to the radar feedback of an automatic altimeter just seventy-five kilometers (46.6 miles) off the moon's surface and throttle down in forty-eight seconds of time from a cruising speed of 5,600 miles per hour to a near-hovering fall of under ten miles per hour.

The response actually occurred at a height less than 10 per cent (3.4 miles) lower than the height assigned to the robot in advance, Sir Bernard disclosed in a scientific report published in the February 26 issue of the British journal *Nature*. The landing speed could not be determined with comparable precision from the Jodrell Bank readings, but Sir Bernard said it was "very low."

During those last three-quarters of a minute of the voyage, what the Russians

Sir Bernard Lovell's Exclusive Cabled Report

JODRELL BANK, ENGLAND.

LUNA 9 landed on the moon at 18:45 UT on February 3, 1966. The deceleration accompanying the firing of the retrorockets and details of the landing phase were perfectly recorded by the large radio telescope at Jodrell Bank. After a few minutes' silence Luna 9 began transmitting, and we realized that the Russians had succeeded in carrying out the immensely difficult task of landing working scientific instruments on the surface of the moon.

Ten minutes later, the telemetry signal changed in character. My colleague, Professor John G. Davies, asked me if I did not recognize the signal. It was precisely the same in character as we had transmitted to the Russians via the Echo 2 balloon in the American-British-Russian experiment in the spring of 1964. It was indeed a facsimile picture transmission in standard form, with an approximately one-second line scan.

We had no suitable equipment at Jodrell Bank with which to reproduce this picture. I told members of the assembled press that we believed Luna 9 was transmitting television pictures from the moon and asked if any of the reporters present could obtain a standard picture recorder of the type which must exist in every newspaper office. One British newspaper responded with alacrity, and shortly after moonrise the next day (February 4) Luna 9 again began transmitting facsimile picture signals. We fed these directly into the recorder.

It must be admitted that we were surprised to find that pictures of the lunar surface came out of the machine. We were amazed by their quality and definition.

By this time the entrance hall and corridor of the [radio telescope] control building were crowded with pressmen and photographers. After a few minutes of processing, I held up the first picture to be photographed and made a few brief comments. It is this photograph which appeared in the newspapers on the morning of February 5. To my amazement, I later learned that the Russians had still not produced the photographs for reproduction inside Russia.

A few days later, a storm of criticism descended on me. Some quarters accused me of unethical behavior in releasing these photographs. One Canadian colleague even went so far as to say, in a public lecture, that what I had done was equivalent to my publishing someone else's scientific paper which had been sent to me to referee.

My colleagues and I are hurt and amazed by these reactions, which we consider to be based on a lack of appreciation of the details of the situation. My refutation of the charges is based on the following facts:

1. No photographs were released until nearly twenty-four hours after Luna 9 landed and began its television transmission.

2. Several hours before I released the first photograph, a press conference was held in Moscow. We watched this conference on a TV screen at Jodrell Bank until the Eurovision link was lost. It seemed to be the general assumption that the first photographs were to be shown at that conference, and we were told that space was reserved in *Izvestia* for their immediate publication. The suggestion that we were intentionally scooping the pictures is therefore absurd.

3. Our reception of the Luna 9 signals and photographs owed absolutely nothing to any information given us by the Russians. Some of our critics have made much of the fact that the Russians announced the frequency of the transmissions. This announcement was quite irrelevant. The frequency was the same as that used on every Lunik since 1959. In any case, the Tass announcement was

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have since described only as a "shock-absorber system" was somehow activated (perhaps by a closely timed explosive charge, or by a powerful spring latch released by a clock), and a ball two feet in diameter was tossed away from the landing rocket onto the moon's surface. Like a seedpod wafted on a breeze, the ball fell and split open; four petals folded outward and down, releasing as many pistil-like antennae which may have been coated with mirror-bright surfacing on two sides to reflect the lunar landscape into the TV camera lens.

The ball may have been thrown into the air and allowed to drift down (the pull of lunar gravity being only a sixth as strong as the pull of gravity on earth) or it may have been ejected with a sidewise thrust to cause the ball to skip lightly across the moon as flat stones can be skipped across the surface of a pond. Either way, the big trick obviously was to get rid of the destructive force of the rocket's falling weight (3,482 pounds: roughly a ton and a half), and this was accomplished by separating the ball from the rocket and letting the rocket crash alone, thereby dissipating most of the energy. Still more energy may have been removed by the crumpling of a protective shell around the ball. The first of the American moon rangers were designed on such a principle; each of them carried a roly-poly seismograph to be ejected onto the moon in a collapsible hull of balsa wood. Unfortunately, none of the roly-polys ever got near the moon.

However the job was done, the Russians did it with Luna 9. To have a renowned non-Communist scientist as the confirmatory agent of such an historic leap in the techniques of exploration guaranteed immediate acceptance of Luna 9's message everywhere.

Coming by so circuitous and unexpected a route, the news of Russian dominance in an area of super-technol-

---

on the Luna 9 Pictures Received at Jodrell Bank

made after the reception of the facsimile transmissions at Jodrell Bank.

4. The argument that we published a scientific analysis of the photographs before the Russians published is nonsense. I particularly emphasized to the press that the only information we had about the scale was the appearance, in the foreground of the pictures, of a part of the Lunik. The broad limits which I suggested for the scale turned out to be reasonable (our pictures should have been expanded in the horizontal direction by 2.5 times).

The only scientific comment I made was that there did not seem to be any thick dust and that the Lunik was obviously resting on a hard surface. Both these comments had been made hours previously by scientists at the press conference in Moscow.

5. We are publishing our results (the details of the landing phase and the technique of producing the photographs, with examples, but *not* any attempt at a scientific analysis of the photographs) in *Nature* in the usual manner of scientific publications. These data have been obtained by the free use of our instruments in the same way that data for dozens of scientific papers have been obtained by observers recording the beacon and telemetry signals of other peoples' [earth] satellites.

6. The Russians are fully acquainted with the details of our facility. They have used it themselves in the past to search for one of their planetary probes. If they did not wish us to receive the signals, they were aware of a number of easy courses of action which would have enabled them to make it impossible for us to do so.

7. Jodrell Bank is a department of the University of Manchester. Freedom in the publication of scientific data is a guiding principle of the university. Unless previous collaborate arrangements have been made, I would consider it unethical and a breach of fundamental principles to withhold information obtained by our instruments whenever it is of scientific or public interest.

The unexpected delay in the release of the photographs by the Russians has turned out to be unfortunate insofar as it has led some people to accuse us of engaging in unscientific and unscrupulous behavior. I doubt if any observatory has struggled harder and more successfully for close cooperation with Russian scientists. It would, of course, be a great misfortune for us if the Russian Academy really was offended by this episode. There is no sign that they are. All the criticism has come from the North American continent (apart, that is, from Academician [Anatoly] Blagonravov's comment, which is understandable under the circumstances).

We have two current astronomical programs which are being carried out in cooperation with our Russian colleagues. One is the bistatic Venus experiment, the other the joint optical-radio flare star study. Both of these have continued without hindrance since the affair of Luna 9.

One thing is quite clear. Whatever action I had taken on the afternoon of February 4 would have been criticized by someone. Two other courses were open to me. I could have withheld the photographs from the press. I suspect that had I done that I would have been stormed with accusations of Communist sympathies and of withholding valuable information from the Free World. Or I could have stopped observing and gone home. I would then have been held guilty of professional incompetence.

Perhaps even the Russians, to whom we gladly supply copies of our tapes on these occasions, would have been offended at our inactivity and disregard of their immense achievement.

—Sir Bernard Lovell.

—*Wide World.*

Sir Bernard Lovell interpreting a TV photo received from Luna 9.

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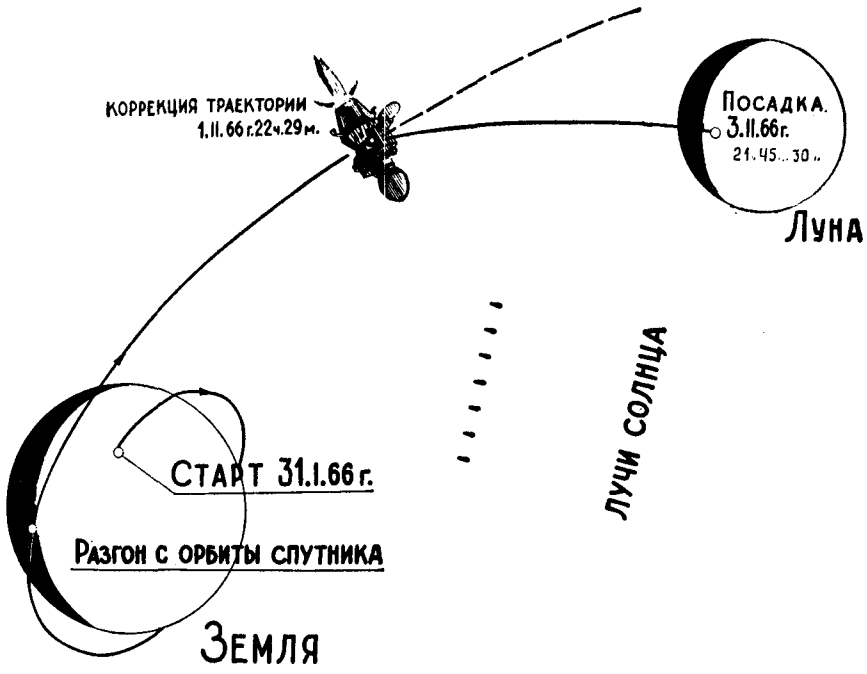
ogy where the Americans continually boast of supremacy would strike with doubled impact in the minds of Vietnamese and others who must choose between the power of Moscow and the power of Peking.

Sir Bernard Lovell would be an almost unique vehicle for a genuine attempt at international cooperation in moon exploration. He had argued consistently over many years for better understanding between east and west. If the White House and the State Department have the will to see his role in the Luna 9 affair from that perspective, and to respond with the wit the late President John F. Kennedy employed in answering a seemingly rambling letter from former Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev at the climax of the missile crisis in Cuba, the publication of the Luna 9 pictures by Jodrell Bank may in time rank with the Antarctica Treaty as a quiet milestone on the road to peace.

IT is curious that these strategic and diplomatic aspects of Luna 9's voyage should be so universally obscured, for they have certainly not been overshadowed by major scientific discoveries reported by Luna 9. The nature of the surface of the moon is as debatable today as it was before Luna 9's carrier rocket took off. Only lamentably poor newspaper, radio, and TV coverage of the voyage has made it seem otherwise.

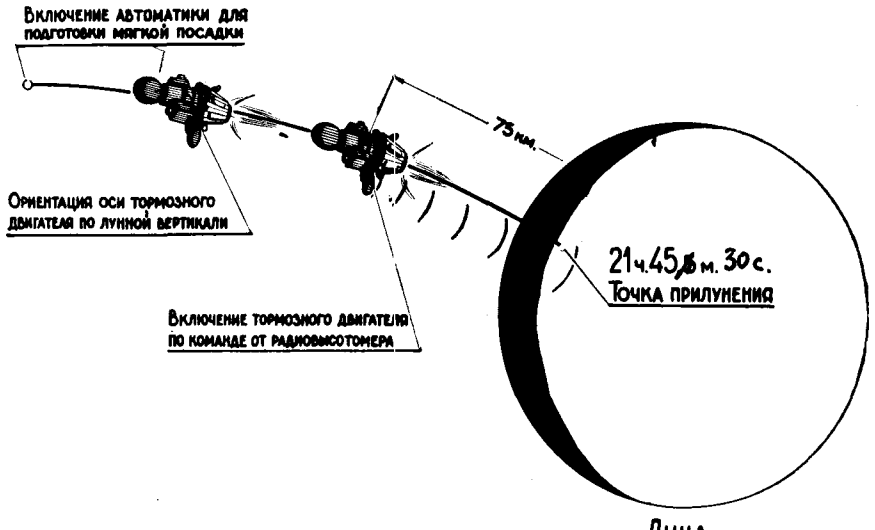
When Moscow first announced that Luna 9 had landed on the moon with instruments intact enough to broadcast information, almost all the science writers in the United States jumped to the conclusion that a manned landing had been assured. This gross misinterpretation arose from the supposition that the entire rocket body, which weighed a ton and a half, had touched down softly and survived. The Russians never made any such claim. They said very soon after the Luna 9 landing that the little robot observatory had "detached itself just before touching down and landed at a distance from the rocket installation." Crashing of the rocket, though not deliberately stated, was clearly implied, and unidentified metal fragments (one shaped like a twisted spoon) lying within range of Luna 9's TV cameras heightened this impression. Days passed before any reporter thought to ask how heavy was Luna 9. The weight turned out to be only 220 pounds. And even that small burden was distributed over a spherical surface about two feet in diameter. That the moon's crust would support 220 pounds without evidence of strain did not, however, mean that a 220-pound man could walk across the moon without sinking into the crust. For a man's whole weight falls on two relatively small feet, which would tend to plunge like pistons. Furthermore, a lunar landing would not

FROM MOSCOW: A ROUGHLY SKETCHED STORY OF THE LUNA 9 VOYAGE



—Sovfoto.

Luna 9's rocketship (above) in mid-voyage course correction. Earth orbit at left, moon target at right, direction of sun's rays indicated by arrows in center. Rocketship's approach to the moon (below) includes automatic radar altimeter primed to start variable thrust retrorocket firing 75 kilometers off the moon.



—Sovfoto sketch retouched by Doug Anderson.

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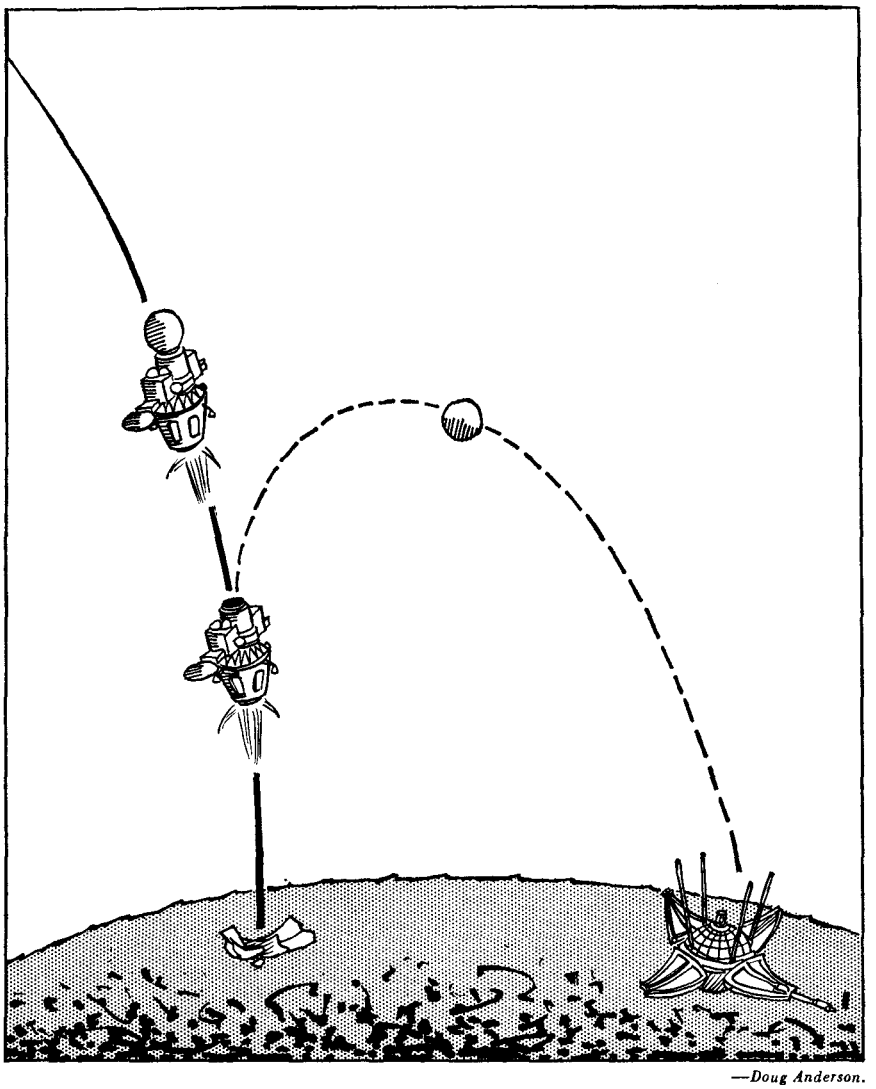
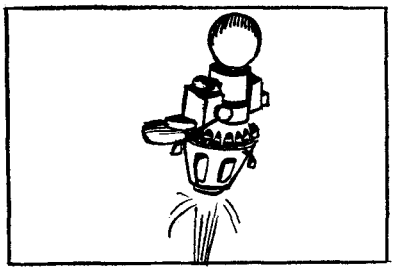
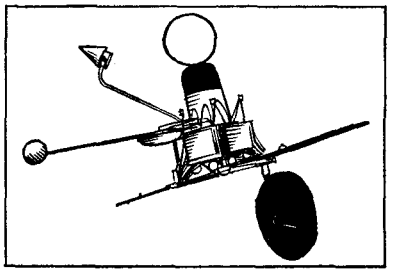


—Doug Anderson.

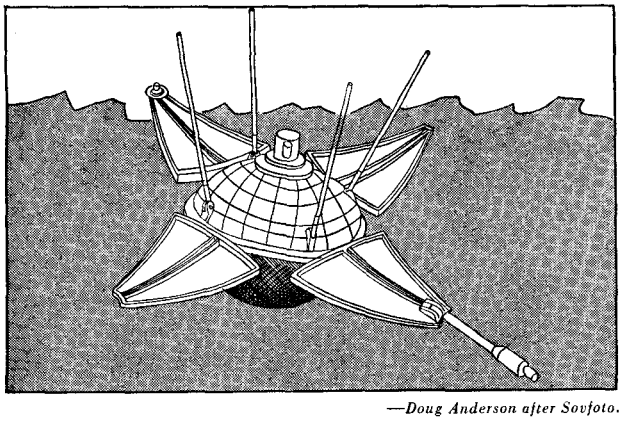


—Doug Anderson after Sovfoto.

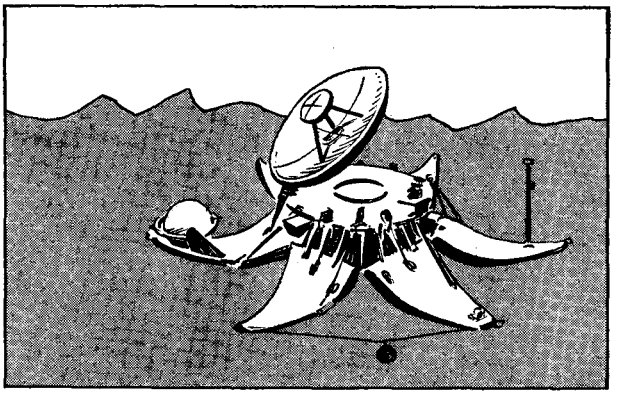


—Doug Anderson after NASA.

Ball containing Russian robot moon observatory Luna 9 is speculatively sketched at left in one of several possible ejection phases of rocket landing on the moon. Sketch at top above is copied from Russian artist's illustrations (opposite page) distributed by Sovfoto. Sketch immediately above is taken from a U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration drawing, and shows a similar ball that carried a seismograph on the first American moon rangers, all of which widely missed the moon.



—Doug Anderson after Sovfoto.



—Doug Anderson after NASA.

In landing on the moon, Luna 9 opened like a flower (immediately above, left) with petals reaching outward and down to free four pistil-like projections, assumed to be the broadcasting antennae of the robot observatory. TV photos of the moon sent back to earth by Luna 9 show upright strips of mirror reflecting the lunar surface. These two-sided mirrors may have been on the inner edges of the four pistils and focused on the TV camera presumably contained within the small cylinder rising from the center of the top of the ball. The more elaborate flower-like device sketched here (immediately above, right) is a NASA conception of the American interplanetary space Voyager, designed for visits to Mars. Is the Russian sketch of Luna 9 telling us that there is a simpler and equally effective way of putting space-exploring robots together? The message is cryptic. Much more explicit are the Moscow captioned drawings on the opposite page, which give the starting, course-correction, and landing days and hours of Luna 9 as well as the working range (75 kilometers, noted in the lower drawing) of Luna 9's automatic radar moon-brake.

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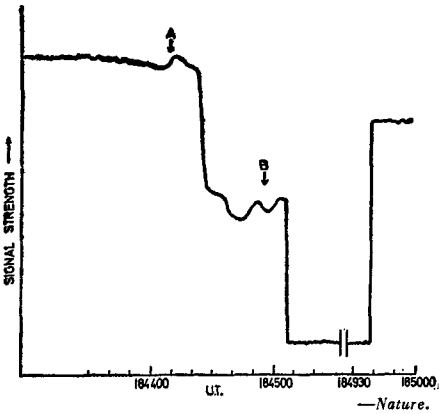
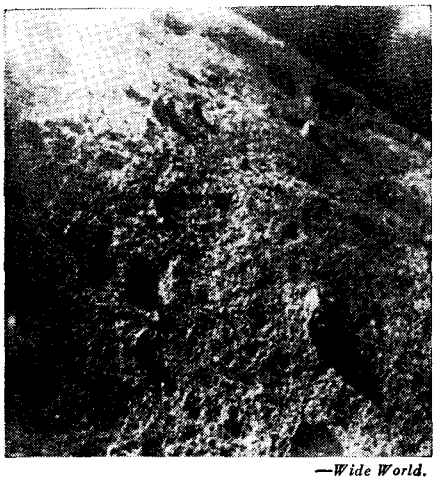
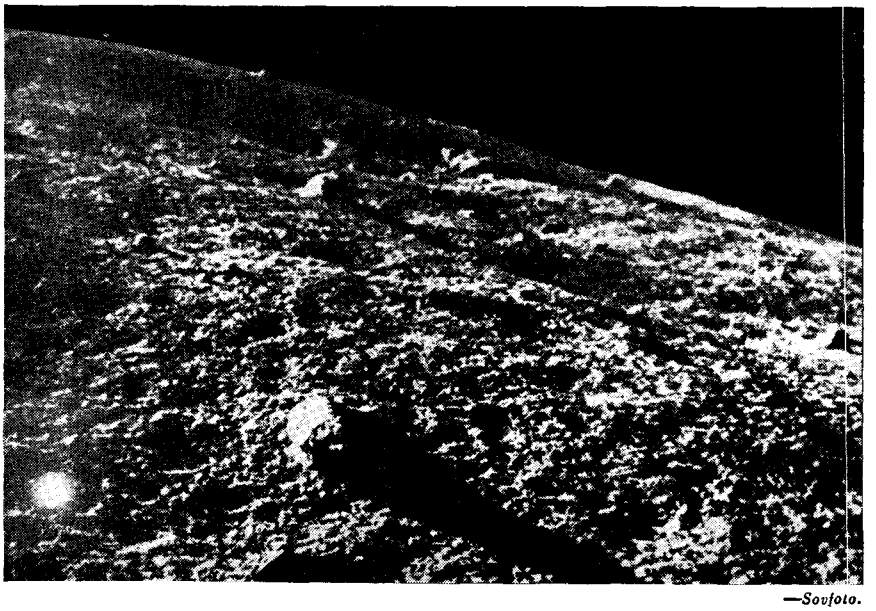


—*Nature.*

THE LUNA 9 LANDING, as seen by the Jodrell Bank radio telescope, is shown in the graph above. Deceleration began at point "A" and ceased at point "B." Vertically walled canyon denotes silence until Luna 9 spoke from the moon. Photo immediately below is horizontally compressed print processed at Jodrell Bank. Note how shadows lengthen and surface elevations flatten in Crimean print of same picture at bottom of this column.



—*Wide World.*



—*Sovfoto.*

be made by individual men but by men riding a ferryboat from a moon-orbiting spaceship. The downward blast of the ferryboat's braking rockets would loose at least 100 times the thrust of the moonship that carried Luna 9. Perspective on future lunar exploration will be saner if it is remembered that the scientists in Moscow said only that the Luna 9 landing proved the capability of the moon's surface to support "more or less heavy objects," which is just about as elastic a description as can readily be devised.

Sir Bernard Lovell's mistaken scaling of the pictures received at Jodrell Bank from Luna 9 compounded the misleading effect of the uncritical American reporting attitude. By unwittingly shrinking the width of the TV images of the moon, Sir Bernard portrayed a jagged-looking landscape that resembled quickly cooled lava to those scientists who think great stretches of the moon are covered with very hard lava rock. Immediately there arose a clamor that the moon's surface was solid. The clamorers unfortunately forgot that infrared and radar scannings of the moon do not support the idea that lava is present. Indeed, there is no known rock on the earth's face that has the same reflecting qualities as whatever the moon's surface is made of.

Dry rock dust (Portland cement powder, for example) is accepted by most astronomers as the substance that comes closest to approximating the response of the moon's surface to the infrared and radar probing. That is to say, a layer of such dust alone exhibits the extremely efficient insulating characteristics displayed by the moon. The lunar day lasts two weeks, the lunar night an equal length of time. Between lunar noon and lunar midnight, the surface temperature on the moon swings over a range of 500 degrees. But only a fraction of an inch under the surface of the moon, infrared and radar investigations find very little temperature change. Whatever stuff the surface is made of shields the regions below from extremes of heat and cold.

It was because of the repeated infrared and radar observations of the moon through optical and radio telescopes in recent decades that existence of a dust layer on the moon originally came to be postulated. Luna 9 reported nothing that would explain these observations. If a dust layer does not account for the temperature insulation, what does? Lava doesn't. At least the types of lava that have been found on earth do not.

PROFESSOR Thomas Gold, British-born cosmologist now on the faculty of Cornell University, is one of the leading advocates of the dust layer theory. He was not surprised by the TV pictures sent back from the moon by Luna 9. Work done in his laboratory and described in the scientific literature by Dr. Bruce Hapke months ago anticipated that the lunar surface would look very rough when viewed close-up (Luna 9's TV camera saw it from no greater a height than two feet and perhaps even lower down) and very smooth when seen from a distance, as the moon is seen in optical telescopes. As soon as the Luna 9 pictures were published in this country, Professor Gold got a small box and poured loose cement powder over the bottom of it. Then he took handfuls of cement powder from a bag and threw it at the cement he had put on the bottom of the box. Pictures of the bottom of the box after that looked very much like the pitted and pocked moon surface shown in the Luna 9 photos.

Next Professor Gold rolled rock powder loosely in his hands and tossed it into the box. Pictures of these loosely compacted balls cast shadows remarkably similar to the shadows thrown in the Luna 9 pictures by what the Russians speculated were lunar rocks six inches in diameter. Professor Gold pointed out in a Cornell campus interview with SR's science editor that because the weight of lunar gravity is one-sixth the weight of earth's gravity, it would be possible for dust balls to form on the moon up to a size of eighteen inches without collapsing. While discussing this point, the Cornell professor drew from his library shelves a U.S. Army photograph of a rocket crater in the sand of a southwestern desert. Around the rim of the crater lay chunks of displaced earth a foot or two across. The text of a scientific paper in which this illustration appeared said the earthen chunks actually were dust too lightly compressed to be picked up; when lifted, the chunks crumbled.

Luna 9's TV camera had snapped several sets of pictures of the same backyard-sized area of the moon at different

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times. Comparison of the prints reveals a minor shift in Luna 9's position during the picture-taking period. Supporters of the lava-surfaced-moon concept suggested that a moonquake had moved the Russian robot observatory. Professor Gold said a severe shaking of a solid surface would have been required to achieve such an effect, and he knew of no good documentation for any such jolt. More likely, he surmised, was a gradual settling of the lunar surface beneath the weight of Luna 9. Again he considered rock dust a logical candidate for the shifting agent. And again he cited tests in his laboratory under lunar-like vacuum conditions to fortify his views. A forty-pound weight (one-sixth as heavy as the earthly 220-pound weight of the Luna 9 ball) had rested securely on rock dust without sinking into the dust when the weight was distributed over a flat surface mathematically comparable to the curved bottom of a ball two feet in diameter. However, when the same weight was moved onto surfaces as small as the feet of an adult human male, the weight sank a foot or more into the dust.

It may be that, in spite of all Professor Gold's experiments and all the infrared and radar readings of the moon, there is some explanation other than dust for the thermal insulation mystery of the moon and for that tantalizing movement of Luna 9 sometime following its moon landing. Is there any really foolproof way to tell?

A toy tractor with treads so placed as to allow movement regardless of the toy's spatial attitude could be landed softly on the moon. It could be equipped to monitor its own tracks. A dusty surface would register tracks clearly, a hard surface would not.

How would the toy be landed?

How was the Luna 9 landed?

Maybe the time has come to begin detailed planning for an international voyage to the moon.

✓ ✓ ✓

THROUGHOUT the month of February 1966, mail coming into *SR*'s science desk has been heavy with criticism of scientific experiments performed on people who neither know of nor consent to the involvement of their bodies and minds. Widespread admiration has been expressed in these letters for Mr. William A. Hyman, the New York City attorney who insisted on exercising his legal responsibilities as a member of the board of directors of the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital in Brooklyn. It was in this hospital that twenty-two old and disabled patients were unwittingly exposed to inoculation with live cancer cells.

As a result of Mr. Hyman's inquiry and court proceedings, two physicians—Dr. Chester A. Southam, noted cancer researcher on the staff of the Sloan-Kettering Cancer Research Center, and Dr. Emanuel Mandel, medical director of the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital of Brooklyn—were put on probation for one year by the New York State Board of Regents. The Regents said suspension of medical license would be considered if further transgression of professional ethics occurred.

SINCE *SR*'s report on this matter appeared in our issue of February 5, Mr. Hyman has disclosed that three physicians—Drs. Mendel Jacobi, Samuel Rosenfeld, and Hyman Strauss—have been dismissed from their posts at the Brooklyn hospital. The dismissals were issued by Dr. Mandel, against whom the three doctors had testified under a summons from the Attorney General's Office of the State of New York.

In formal papers delivered to Mr. August J. Bardo, director of the office of professional conduct of the New York State Department of Education, Mr. Hyman asked investigation of the following allegations:

FIRST. That the executive committee of the board of directors of the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital met in the hospital board room on April 21, 1965 with hospital staff physicians who had been invited to attend as guests.

SECOND. That the minutes of this committee meeting include this statement:

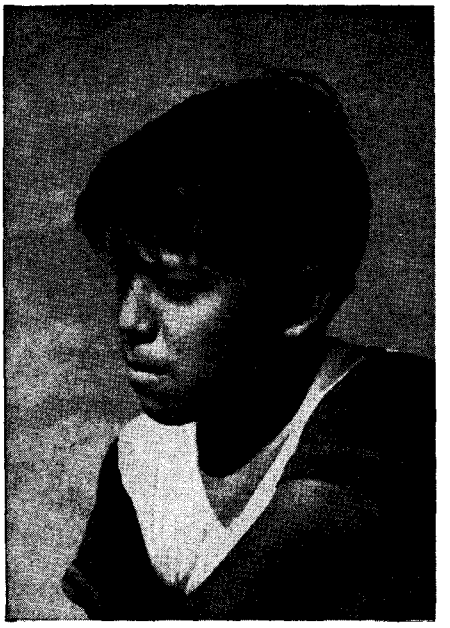
> The physicians described their feeling of harassment over our permitting the doctors involved in the actions pending in the "Matter of William A. Hyman *v.* JCDH" to remain on the medical staff. The physicians present suggested that some appropriate action be taken either to censure or dismiss the doctors involved.
>
> It was suggested by the members of the executive committee that a statement of charges be prepared by one or more of the physicians present and that such charges be presented to the executive committee for referral to the legal committee of the board of directors.

THIRD. That "the physicians present" included Dr. Mandel and six others but did not include Drs. Jacobi, Rosenfeld, and Strauss.

FOURTH. That the dismissal of Drs. Jacobi, Rosenfeld, and Strauss occurred with the beginning of the calendar year 1966, within days after the announcement of Dr. Mandel's judgment by the Board of Regents on charges of "fraud and deceit" in the cancer experiment.

Mr. Hyman asked Mr. Bardo for new hearings and a ruling on whether Dr. Mandel's license to practice medicine should not be suspended.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.



The chances for Tommy Red Eagle are pretty slim. Unless you help.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—M.I.T.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Into new visions of life and new values of human experience. Fantastic beauty often lies unheeded on the very surface of the ordinary. For example, the cover design of this issue of SR was achieved by a gifted student simply by playing colored light over a bas-relief of curved and straight lines in the laboratory of Professor Gyorgy Kepes at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Professor Kepes is concerned with the ugliness of modern urbanity and works constantly to transform it kinetically through imposition of new dimensions like time and space.*

The publishing house of George Braziller, Inc., has just put out a three-volume set of Professor Kepes's writings on the nature of light, motion, and vision. On the opposite page is a photograph of his wire sculptures. The text below is taken from lectures given to MIT alumni and excerpted in Technology Review.

BY GYORGY KEPES

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

SCIENCE has opened up immense new vistas, but we shrink from accepting the deeper and richer sense of life uniquely inherent in the new parameters of our twentieth-century world. Where our age falls short is in the harmonizing of our outer and our inner wealth. We lack the depth of feeling and the range of sensibility needed to retain the riches that science and techniques have brought within our grasp. Consequently we lack a model that could guide us to re-form our formless world.

The formlessness of our present life has three obvious aspects:

FIRST, our environmental chaos, which accounts for inadequate living conditions, waste of human and material resources.

SECOND, our social chaos—lack of common ideas, common feelings, common purposes.

THIRD, our inner chaos—individual inability to live in harmony with one's self, inability to accept one's whole self and let body, feelings, and thought dwell together in friendship.

We have, then, three basic tasks before us. First of all we must build bridges between man and nature—construct a physical environment which is on a truly twentieth-century standard. Second, we must build bridges between man and man—create a new scale of social structure built from progressive common purposes. We must establish a sense of belonging, of interdependence, in order to achieve the teamwork that the first task demands. And, finally, we have to build bridges inside ourselves. Only if each individual can unify himself, so that one aspect of his life will not intercept and cancel another, can we hope to tackle the second task efficiently. Only the man who can work with himself can work with other men.

The building of these bridges—the reintegration of all aspects of our life through twentieth-century knowledge and power—is our great contemporary challenge, and in this work the imaginative power of creative vision coupled with sensibilities can have a central role. Artists are living seismographs, as it were, with a special sensitivity to the human condition. They record our conflicts and hopes, and their immediate and direct response to the qualities of the world helps us to establish an entente with the living present.

We may distinguish two fundamental values that the artist can reveal to us. First, we respond to the images of artists because of their completeness; because their harmonies, rhythms, colors, and shapes touch us, and not just on one level or another of our being. As the poet Yeats has put it, they "could not move us at all, if our thought did not rush out to the edge of our flesh, and it is so with all good art, whether the Victory of Samothrace which reminds the soles of our feet of swiftness, or the Odyssey that would send us out under the salt wind, or the young horsemen on the Parthenon that seem happier than our boyhood ever was, and in our boyhood's way. Art bids us touch and taste and hear and see the world, and shrinks from what Blake calls mathematical form, from every abstract thing, from all that is not a fountain jetting from the entire hopes, memories, and sensations of the body."

In its aspect of many-layered but unified experience, participation in a work of art often provides us with deep insight into the wholeness of the world. The physical base outside us and our sensations within us are bridged. Our sensations, feelings, and thoughts march in unison. The analogous relations, transcending both individual human beings and the work of art, become a social fact, connecting man and man through establishing a community of thought and feeling.

The other basic value that an authentic creative work of art offers to us is inherent in the proportion between its fundamental opposites: expressive vitality and formal order.

OUR history suggests that human progress follows from the harmonizing of two opposite tendencies: the tendency on the one hand toward greater sociality and social discipline, and on the other toward greater individual freedom and intensity of life. There is evidence of psychological regression in the sick, whose personalities shrink as they lose the power both to integrate themselves with the world and to open themselves toward it; they retreat to a more vegetative level of existence. If not crushed, exploded, or cavitated by the surges of unresolving opposites, a living system is stultified when the disproportion becomes too great.

Motor performance at the animal level, and productive work, the foundations of our social existence, are based upon the alternation of action and repose in a measure corresponding to the natural periods of breathing and neuromuscular effort. The optimum performance is defined by the worker's ability to reach a rhythmic articulation common to the body, the mind, and the task. Very early, men mastered the technique of getting work done by a unison of efforts paced by a strongly rhythmic work-song or chant. Emotional drive, muscular energy, and technical knowledge become parts of a symmetrical relation between man and man, between man and nature, when a rhythm of action and repose synchronizes ends and means, synchronizes flesh, heart, and brain so that an aggregation of men becomes a smoothly functioning labor crew, sports team, or research body. The synchronization introduces a new quality of experience; work becomes some-

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thing far more than the mere fulfilment of an assigned task. The sensing of the unity is the germination of an experience basic to every art.

A work of art has both vitality and order. A shriek of agony has life, pulsating and intense, concentrated, as it were, at a single point. But Picasso's *Guernica* has organized life—absolute expression of agony and absolute discipline of form. And Grünewald's Isenheim Altar, with the most despairing of all Crucifixions, the most triumphant of all Resurrections, is grandly ordered by an orchestrated balance of color and by one of the most rigorously disciplined iconographical schemes in art. What makes a great painting far more than a well-ordered arrangement of colored surfaces, far more than an explosion of emotion, is its balanced proportioning of intense expression and disciplined structure.

PROPORTION, the basis of effective artistic expression, is the key to broader realms on which the conditions of our time have focused so much acute thinking.

Scientific and technical knowledge has given us an unprecedented opportunity to understand certain aspects of proportioning. Our growing knowledge of biological regulation has become a model for understanding other phenomena. There are a growing number of automatic control systems based upon symmetry and proportion which help us to understand how men stand upright without toppling, how the human heart beats, why our economic system endures slumps and booms. Automatic control devices and self-regulating mechanisms not only have become important in our economic and social life but also have philosophical and symbolic implications of the utmost significance. As we gain precision in understanding and applying automatic control, devising intricate engineering systems which maintain opposing processes in their necessary respective balance, we are the more painfully made aware of our own lack of harmony on the highest levels of our interest, personal happiness, and social equilibrium.

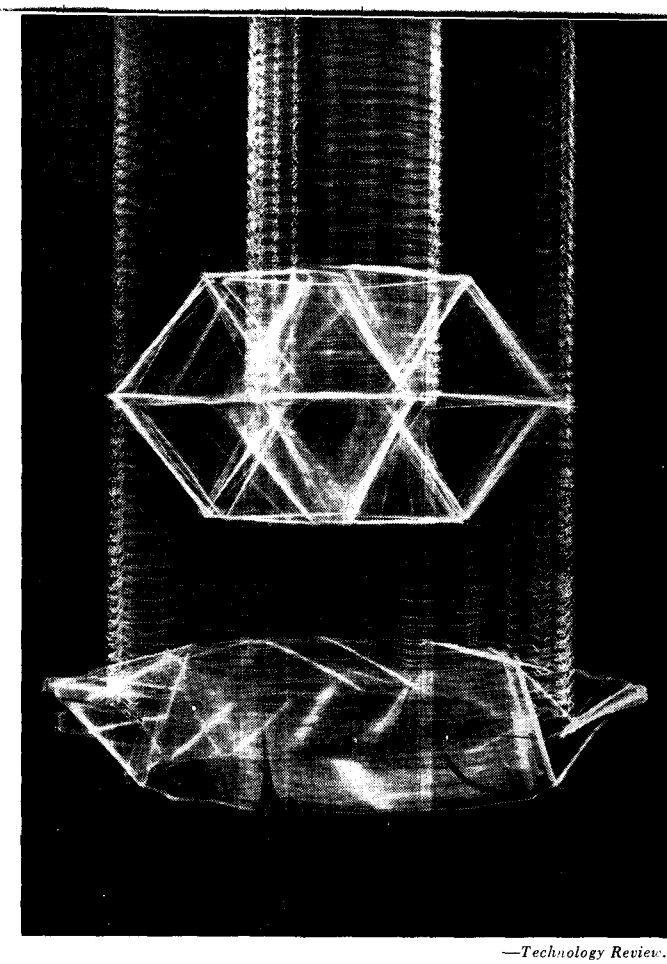
The poetic imagination of the ancients sought harmony in opposites, anticipating some of the advanced scientific thought of our time. Pythagorean thinking introduced the concept of the "mean." As wine and water might be blended in a correct proportion to produce the perfect drink, a proportion completely fair to both of two opposites was thought to be possible always. To Anaximander, the mutual encroachment of opposites was unjust, and reconciliation imperative. Heraclitus not only recognized that events are generated through the struggle of opposites but also realized that change cannot be understood without a guidance of measure:

> The sun will not overstep his measure; if he does, the Erinyes, handmaids of justice, will find him out.

One hundred and fifty years ago, a passionate great poet commented on the same issue, projecting it on the concrete social plane. "Our calculations have outrun conception," wrote Shelley in 1818. "We have eaten more than we can digest. The cultivation of those sciences which have enlarged the limits of the empire of man over the external world, has, for want of poetical faculty, proportionally circumscribed those of the internal world; and man, having enslaved the elements, remains himself a slave."

Nevertheless, emotional return to the archaic, ancestral cave is an obvious failure to function in contemporary terms—however necessary. This temporary standstill is not a genuine answer to our deep long-range needs. We may suffer from exposure to the new scale, but it is necessary for us to go ahead and meet its challenge.

Only complete acceptance of the world which is being born can make our lives genuinely acceptable. Such acceptance implies, above all, two concrete tasks. One, in every field of human endeavor we must advance to the furthest frontiers of knowledge possible today. Two, we must combine and intercommunicate all such knowledge so that we may gain the sense of *structure*, the power to *see*, in the deepest, richest sense, our world as an interconnected whole.



—*Technology Review.*

There is a reciprocal relationship between our distorted environment and our impoverished ability to see with freshness, clarity, and joy. Fed on our deformed and dishonest environment, our undernourished artistic sensibilities can only lead us to perpetuate the malfunctions of the inner and outer environment that we create. To counteract this spiral of self-destruction, we have to re-educate our vision and reclaim our lost artistic and poetic sensibilities.

To meet this urgent task our universities could contribute by creating educational conditions conducive to an effective intercommunication between scientific knowledge and artistic sensibilities.

As the twentieth century has grown older, most of our artists have recoiled upon themselves. They lack orientation in the total contemporary world, which, if they but knew it, holds as much promise as it does menace. Their honest response has been to scream their isolation. In frantic retreat, many of them have adopted a scorched-earth policy and burned their most valuable cultural belongings. Cornered and confused in a "horror of lost self," as the poet Robert Lowell puts it, some of them advertise brutality as vitality and intellectual cowardice as existential self-justification.

Artists today come together in small groups in great cities. There, in little circles that shut out the rest of the world, the initiates share one another's images. They generate illusory spontaneity, but miss the possible vital, deep dialogue with contemporary intellectual and technological reality. It is unfashionable today, if not taboo, for artists to think and act on the broad terms of cultural and social ideals. No doubt, moralizing in art can lead to creative suicide, just as market-policed and state-policed art can lead to the murder of artistic honesty. But the other extreme—lack of intellectual curiosity and rejection of commitment—leads to emaciation of artistic values.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Experiments on People

MANY THANKS to you for your story on the experiments on people [*SR*, Feb. 5]. It certainly is one of the most interesting and significant stories of the year.

R. HUGH UHLMANN,
President,
Standard Milling Company.
Kansas City, Mo.

CONGRATULATIONS on your article "Do We Need New Rules for Experiments on People?" It is by far the best reporting on this matter that I have seen, and it is something that should be brought before the public.

A. LOUISE BRUSH, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

THANK YOU for your magnificent article in the February 5th issue. Actually, no adjective can do justice to your work; "magnificent" is the closest I can come.

MARTIN FASS.
Rochester, N.Y.

CONCERNING THE LETTER from Mrs. Isler in your Feb. 5 issue, it might interest you to know that a similar test is given in the Pittsburgh Public Schools (grade nine) without hardly a word to parents, much less permission asked. Although it does not change the situation, it should be mentioned that a statement at the beginning of the test states that the test is purely voluntary, not compulsory, and that any questions the student does not wish to answer, he may leave blank.

It is obvious that few, if any, students consider such a test, given in school time, by school personnel, not to be compulsory. Also, as one student put it: "Why should I refuse to take the test? It took up two to three periods of school time." I have no knowledge of how many students leave blank questions they consider too personal —or how many worry about such questions as: "Do you like your mother better than your father?"

The whole problem of right to privacy, the right to choose whether one wishes to be a "guinea pig," plus many others has concerned me for some time. As a guest I attended a local meeting of an association of clinical psychologists, discussing this growing feeling of uneasiness among the lay public. I must say I was most distressed with the general feeling of the meeting, which could be condensed as: We are the experts. We know what we are doing and why we ask such and such a question. It's nobody's business but ours, and we resent anyone questioning *our* right to test as we wish.

It may be that I am most concerned because I am Executive Secretary with the Greater Pittsburgh Branch of the American Civil Liberties Union. I do know that we have had frequent queries from other concerned parents concerning psychological testing in the schools, and I realize that the problem is a complex one. But it is one that must be brought out in the open—discussed pro and con—and soon.

MARION S. DAMICK.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

PERHAPS YOU HAVE little control over the headlines over various sections of your column on scientific topics, but whoever is responsible did a poor job in the February 5th issue. The letter that you featured from the irate mother was labelled a "sex quiz." You know better, the mother (if she is a reasonably informed nurse) knows better, and your readers deserve a fairer presentation. The test in question (the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory) is a well-established personality instrument, widely and usually judiciously employed for a variety of personality problems. As any instrument of this sort must do, the test includes items covering sexual attitudes and reactions—but these items are not the main or even the principle secondary ones.

Not only is the labeling in the headline misleading but your treatment of this matter in your own column in that issue is highly misleading as well. You merely echo this mother's anxieties without illuminating the issues or restoring any sort of perspective to the controversy. Yet it would not take any effort on your part to reassure this woman (and others like her in your readership) that psychologists have, in fact, been concerned with these very issues (*e.g.*, see the American Psychological Association's 1953 *Ethical Standards of Psychologists; American Psychologist*, 1965, vol. 20, entire November issue); that the test has been employed with thousands of children at this age and younger without the *least* upset or distress (Hathoway and Monachesi, *Adolescent Personality and Behavior*, University of Minnesota Press, 1963) but rather with profit to both the children and the schools; and that although this may have been a pilot study for its application in this particular school system, these procedures are well beyond the early experimental stage nationally. Instead, you borrow a technique from your journalistic confreres in the newspaper game and try to make sensational a problem that has been a deep and growing concern to behavioral scientists for years—how to conduct sensitive and accurate research into problems at the very center of human existence. We need the help of informed outsiders like yourself and many of your readers. We welcome and encourage probing and serious discussion and reflection. We can do without screaming headlines, thoughtless accusations, and hysteria.

The kinds of reactions of parents to reasonable research projects are varied—some do get upset the way that the mother did. But many parents recognize that science does not now know what it needs to know about delinquency or the other serious adolescent emotional problems. They know that research must be done and done right to come up with this knowledge. The schools have been handed great responsibilities in shaping the emotional and attitudinal development of our children as well as the usual inculcating academic skills. Research must accompany the acceptance of this mandate. The schools would be even more open to criticism if they neglected this area. Can't you just hear this woman screaming about how the school had failed her child if some emotional problem had grown to serious proportions in her boy without their taking any notice of him or making any recommendations to her? The school officials must be free to use the best methods available and equally free to investigate better ways—within the bounds of the ethics of research on humans, child or adult. You can do a great service by keeping this need for free inquiry before your readership and reassuring them that the great majority of behavioral scientists are ethical and circumspect.

W. GRANT DAHLSTROM, Ph.D.
Professor of Psychology,
University of North Carolina.
Chapel Hill, N.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's science editor would prefer to believe that the great majority of behavioral scientists are ethical and circumspect. But he does not find even social scientists themselves certain that it is so. For example, the November 1965 issue of "American Psychologist" argued the problem of tests vs. civil rights at length without resolving it. It seems worth emphasizing, in defense of the "sex quiz" headline objected to in the above letter, that what seem like a small number of sex questions to an adult may be an excitingly large number to a junior high school boy or girl. In any case, the objection raised against the Bronx tests was raised against failure to obtain parental permission, a failure which the highest educational authorities in New York City condemned in public statements within a week after the conduct of the tests was first disclosed by an SR reader's letter.*

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Who Said What

Continued from page 29

that monetary policy has a significant effect on the business cycle, and interest rates are as likely to be a *reflection* of the level and trend of business activity as a *determinant* of it. There is no convincing evidence that business capital investment, home construction, or other major uses of borrowed capital are importantly influenced by cost of money and this is probably increasingly true since corporate tax rates have declined. It does seem curious that the Federal Reserve Board, which is presumably concerned with inflation, would contribute to cost-push inflation by raising an important business cost (*i.e.*, cost of money).

Wage-Price Guidelines

JOSEPH L. BLOCK: I do not object to the government or anyone else calling attention to productivity performance on a national, industry, or individual basis. I do strenuously object to using this information to coerce private parties into actions which they themselves do not believe to be proper and in their best interests.

WALTER E. HOADLEY (vice president, Armstrong Cork Company): Unfortunately, the admirable objectives of the guidepost system cannot be expected to be met because the government's "average" suggestions invariably become minimum acceptable demands by labor representatives, and the actual cost and productivity statistics involved are difficult if not impossible to determine precisely in advance of . . . a settlement.

WARREN S. TITUS: I favor the guidepost system over government controls—at least under present circumstances. My major concern here is that to be effective, the guidelines must be impartially laid down without favoritism.

GENERAL LUCIUS CLAY: I doubt if the guidepost measures will succeed in stabilizing wages and prices unless accompanied by other governmental measures such as the balancing of the budget, restraint in starting new and expensive programs, and support of the Federal Reserve Bank in its efforts to reasonably limit the money supply.

NORTON SIMON: The fear of inflation, which is what the guidelines were set up to prevent, is overemphasized by both government and business spokesmen, with the result that we frequently adopt unduly restrictive measures domestically and do unnecessary harm to the credit of the U.S. in world markets. I would favor . . . voluntary compliance.

Other Controls

GORDON GRAND (president, Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation): More important than monetary controls would be an across-the-board increase in income tax rates, high enough to sop up the excess demand leading to inflation.

JESSE W. MARKHAM (professor of economics, Harvard University): Across-the-board direct controls would be unnecessary, and piece-by-piece controls are inherently discriminatory and unjust. A commitment of 400,000 troops is not outside the effective controls of monetary and fiscal policy.

HENRY C. WALLICH: I see no reason to resort to price controls, even if only selectively, when the normal instruments of monetary and fiscal restraint are available. . . . Why should a very small war make us change the entire nature of our market economy?

Budgetary Policy

MILTON FRIEDMAN (professor of economics, University of Chicago): The crucial matter is not the size of the deficit but the level of government expenditures. These are too high. In my view, they involve channeling too much of our resources through government.

PAUL V. GRAMBSCH (dean, School of Business, University of Minnesota): Vietnam clouds the issue because military expenditures have the most direct effect on the economy and are more inflationary.

CARL H. MADDEN (manager, Economic Research, U.S. Chamber of Commerce): Planned budget deficits, as the Administration implicitly recognizes, are justified in neither theory nor history during such times as now—not even by the New Economics.

WILSON WRIGHT (economist, Procter & Gamble): The tragic inflationary political finance of World War II and the Korean War should be avoided. The monetary systems of the non-Communist world appear to be in a period when major revisions must be made. In this situation it would be unfortunate if the future value of the major key currency is open to question.

JAMES J. O'LEARY: Under present and foreseeable circumstances I think the budget should be moving toward balance. We cannot avoid the stepped-up military spending. This is why I favor rigorous cutting of nondefense spending to reduce the deficit as much as possible. As conditions develop, it may become necessary to increase taxes.

Great Society

LEO CHERNE: Labor shortages (in the event of greater mobilization) will make

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certain of the Great Society programs less urgent at that time because further significant inroads will have been made into pockets of chronic unemployment.

J. PETER GRACE (president, W. R. Grace & Company): To the extent that commitments draw substantial manpower away from the war effort directly, or from its support, the Great Society might have to be curtailed temporarily, but basically the Great Society programs will contribute to our overall capability in war as in peace.

Business and Society

MARION B. FOLSOM (director, Eastman Kodak Company): They (business firms) should support and cooperate with local school and antipoverty groups in improving education of children of low income families through pre-school courses, more counseling, smaller classes, remedial courses, etc.; and should assist school authorities in improving and expanding vocational education courses.

BLAKE T. NEWTON, JR. (president, Institute of Life Insurance): Like government, business can do more [toward achievement of social goals], and the trend of recent history suggests that it will.

WARREN S. TITUS: I would recommend that U.S. business firms throw their full support behind better education and training for the underprivileged and minority groups. . . . I believe education is the key in alleviating poverty because it provides the prime element of desire on the part of the poverty-stricken to improve their lot. Similarly it is essential to effective integration of Negroes and other minorities into our work force.

JESSE W. MARKHAM: I do not believe that business firms should, in general, be held responsible for broad social objectives, nor should such objectives be thrust upon them. The principal role of the business firm is to produce goods and supplies efficiently and under competitive conditions.

BLAINE COOK (vice president, marketing, United Airlines): The American business system has probably done more to alleviate poverty than any other human institution in the history of the race. Large-scale business is, I think, doing a responsible job of fulfilling its social obligations. Smaller enterprises could perhaps do more, particularly on a local basis.

WALTER E. HOADLEY: A review of the current business contributions to education, helping the underprivileged, reducing air and water pollution, employing Negroes and other minorities, and helping to beautify America would clearly show the major positive impact of profit-making enterprises today on improving social and economic welfare.

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WANTED: COLLEGE GRADUATES—Any year, any major. Positions: Employment interviewers, Vocational Counselors. NY State Civil Service. Excellent opportunities. Challenging careers for recent graduates and those planning to return to the labor market in expanding youth programs. Written tests may be held outside of NY State at centers convenient to candidates. For those who pass, oral tests given only in NY State at the candidate's expense. Trainees $5,357 year. Experienced $5,738. Yearly increments, good benefits. Professional Placement Center. NYS Employment Service, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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ART GALLERY DIRECTOR-MANAGER. Extroverted young man or woman of sophisticated background, hard-driving sales ability to take complete charge recently opened contemporary fine arts gallery. Salary plus percentage on sales, eventual ownership. Opportunity for ambitious, capable manager. Contemporary fine arts knowledge desirable; taste, quick-study, sales and administrative talents essential. Write in full to Alfred H. Edelson, 432 North Capitol Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

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ASSISTANT TO PRESIDENT. Northern N.J. advertising agency seeks man or woman, 5 to 10 years experience maximum, with Master's degree, preferably in Education. Send resume and transcripts of grades. Salary open. Box R-405.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

FOUND ANOTHER ONE! Small, old, rambling New England village house. Excellent condition. Completely "winterized." Call us. 802-867-5347. Dorset Real Estate Co., Dorset, Vermont 05251.

OLD VILLAGE HOUSE in perfect condition. Beautiful kitchen, large living room, 2 bedrooms, bath, down; furnished apartment up, can be rented. Ideal for retirement. $16,500. Miriam Bone, Broker, Belmont, Vermont. 259-2523.

MAINE COAST HOME, by owner. Leaving for Graduate School. Privacy, but not isolated. Magnificent view, lovely home. $31,000. Brochure. Jack Schumacher, Newcastle, Maine.

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MEXICO—New house, magnificent panorama overlooking romantic Guanajuato. Furnished, living-bedroom, modern kitchen, bath, fireplaces. $6,000. Would rent long term. Stell Shevis, Lista Correos, Guanajuato, GTO, Mexico.

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PARIS HOUSE. April 1st to September 15th. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, garden. $400 monthly. Box R-251.

COTTAGE ON CAPE COD. Private beach. Large living room with fireplace overlooks Bay. 4 bedrooms, 2 full tiled baths, modern kitchen and electric heat. Available by season or month. Brewster Real Estate, Box 393, Brewster, Massachusetts.

HOUSE TO SHARE

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MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

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MANHATTAN, EAST TWENTIES—Widow seeks pleasant woman share attractive apartment; air-conditioned bedroom, private bath. Reasonable. 212-GR 5-1043. Box R-362.

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Unfurnished

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

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HUNTING AND FISHING LODGE on mountain stream, 49 acres. Lodge completely furnished and equipped, weather stripped and insulated. Gas, electricity and water, 8 room tenant house. Must sell account old age and ill health. Fred Bruckmann, Owner, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771.

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GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities. Boys, girls; 14 through 18. Study creative thinking through literature, history, music, drama; work projects, carpentry, forestry, gardening. June 26th-August 7th. B. S. deFrees, Director, North Rumford, Maine, 04278.

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TRIPLE-R RANCH. Reading, Riding, Ranching. Boys 9-14. Limited enrollment. Family atmosphere. Booklet. T-R Ranch, Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

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HAS YOUR TEENAGE SON OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, ranch-travel-work program, provides constructive, adventuresome experiences. 20th summer. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut.

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ATKINSON HOME for retired. Newbury, Vermont. Nonprofit, nonsectarian. Pleasant rooms with bath, excellent food, spacious grounds.

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(Continued on page 74)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 73)

CHARTER 57' CHRISCRAFT CRUISER. Bahamas or Florida. Captain. Also intercoastal Florida. To N.Y. in May or June. David Blaushild, 16005 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120.

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3 WEEKS—3 English Literature Credits. Tour England, Scotland, Ireland. August 2nd to 23rd. Dr. Finkelhor, Point Park Junior College, Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

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SUMMER SCHOOL CAMPUSES: Wonderful opportunities for students ages 15 to 19. Study French or Spanish in Mexico, Spain, Switzerland. Chaperoned. Classroom study plus excursions. Write for details: Summer Schools-International, Box 199, Northfield, Minnesota 55057.

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THIS AD + $7.00 per day entitles you to real value New York. Next time try HOTEL CENTURY, 111 West 46th Street, convenient everything. 350 rooms, bath, radio, TV. Double, add $2.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1665

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Describing that *mass of millinery, that oiled and curled Assyrian Bull* (Tennyson's *Maud*).	125 134 1 103 150 29 142
B. At another time.	71 163 25 122 182 153 56 17 114 89
C. Enclosed in a scabbardlike case.	91 49 26 132 7 164 67 109
D. One of the most feared marine monsters (2 wds.)	19 126 157 48 88 116 75 92 172 28 121
E. Lacking specific preparation.	94 52 31 124 69 169 13 37
F. "When thy beauty appears," sang Thomas Parnell, this is what he is "by my fears."	113 76 5 96
G. Possessed of native cleverness, sharpness of wit.	4 180 161 35 117 138
H. Restrictive.	73 145 102 57 183 90 112 18
I. Both pelagic and neritic.	167 120 100 147 135 42 63
J. Specifying that constant maiden who was waiting for the return of Kipling's soldier.	58 107 43 83 8 97 160 129
K. Exclamation signifying an affirmative answer (comp.)	64 99 12 72 140
L. Othello's word for the *engines* that counterfeit *Immortal Jove's dread clamours.*	80 152 66 128 45 10

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Who it is that tells his tale under the hawthorn in the *dale in Milton's L'Allegro.*	32 59 137 79 171 154 27 104
N. In a friendly, chatty manner.	168 38 110 82 21 151 144
O. Exceeding suitable bounds.	51 101 16 93 123 78 40 143 173 62
P. State when the tide is out (2 wds.)	131 23 55 85 36 175 165 65
Q. Plutarch tells how Agesilaus did not wish to hear the "nightingale."	47 177 105 60 149 20 77 162
R. One thing that contributes vitally to improved communications of a rural community (2 wds.)	106 22 70 14 39 181 84
S. District, usually urban, about whose *Children* Israel Zangwill wrote in 1892.	44 86 141 11 170 54
T. Somebody legally appointed to transact business for somebody else.	174 24 50 159 118 68 15 130
U. Description of either a laser or a builder's piece of aluminum, supported at both ends (2 wds.)	9 111 166 61 139 158 176 33 41
V. As one word, the crushed outer case of certain crustaceae used in feeding poultry.	156 178 6 136 30 3 127 146 81 115 95
W. Defile between two elevations (esp. U.S.)	108 2 53 179 34
X. Firmly seated(in).	119 133 46 98 155 74 87 148

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

						1 A	2 W	3 V	4 G	5 F		6 V	7 C	8 J	9 U	10 L
	11 S	12 K	13 E	14 R	15 T		16 O	17 B	18 H	19 D	20 Q		21 N	22 R		23 P
24 T	25 B	26 C	27 M		28 D	29 A	30 V	31 E	32 M		33 U	34 W	35 G	36 P	37 E	
38 N	39 R	40 O	41 U	42 I	43 J	44 S		45 L		46 X	47 Q	48 D	49 C	50 T		51 O
52 E	53 W	54 S		55 P	56 B	57 H	58 J	59 M		60 Q	61 U	62 O		63 I	64 K	65 P
66 L	67 C	68 T	69 E		70 R	71 B	72 K	73 H	74 X		75 D	76 F	77 Q	78 O	79 M	
80 L	81 V		82 N	83 J	84 R		85 P	86 S	87 X	88 D	89 B		90 H		91 C	92 D
93 O	94 E	95 V	96 F		97 J	98 X		99 K	100 I	101 O	102 H	103 A	104 M		105 Q	106 R
	107 J	108 W	109 C		110 N	111 U	112 H	113 F	114 B	115 V	116 D		117 G	118 T	119 X	120 I
121 D	122 B	123 O		124 E		125 A	126 D	127 V	128 L	129 J	130 T		131 P	132 C	133 X	134 A
135 I	136 V	137 M	138 G		139 U	140 K	141 S		142 A	143 O	144 N		145 H		146 V	147 I
148 X		149 Q	150 A	151 N	152 L	153 B	154 M	155 X		156 V	157 D		158 U	159 T	160 J	161 G
162 Q		163 B	164 C	165 P		166 U	167 I	168 N	169 E		170 S	171 M	172 D	173 O		174 T
175 P	176 U		177 Q	178 V		179 W	180 G	181 R	182 B	183 H						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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